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SNAP SHOTS OF EUROPE

Goose quills are still used in Dublin.

A German woman is worth what she will bring in.

A train is known by its stops.

The evil that men did live after them in Pompeii.

A Continental breakfast is a day dream.

A tourist and his money are soon at odds.

A man is as young as his wife looks old.

Prices vary according to the custom houses.

Venice in Vienna sounds better than it looks.

All guides are not Cook's.

You may travel in the east if you have the salt.

The Austrian cigar is worth what it is marked.

A student's fight is a slashing affair.

The "Merry Widow" waltz is whistled in Oberammergau.

The English "lift" has its ups but no downs.

The standard bearer of a German regiment is a negro.

The egg at breakfast is worth its wait.

Imperial Rome became the pillars of many a Christian church.

Italian cities are great self-advertisers.

"Keep to the right"—and you will be run down. Get run down, and you will be run in.

Berlin is doing its level best.

The hand that rocks the cradle also carries the hod.

A Frankfurter on the Main is worth two on the Oder.

Love laughs at the wireless while fortune favors the spark.

Romulus lives forever in Rome, but "Uncle Remus" is a dark secret.

Where do they bury their dead? The proportion of cemeteries isn't as great as in Brooklyn.

Mme. Pompadour evidently thought the Emperor Frederick should be up with the times, so she presented him four clocks.

Station signs in Bohemia look as though they had spent the night in the Latin Quarter.

The European house to its American brother: "You're a brick!"

The standing army sits heavily on Germany.

John Bull and his Ireland.

Petrified wood is not so cold as fact.

The question of the chicken and the egg may be laid on the table—or any other place in Ireland.

He that dances in a German hotel must play the Picolo.

Switzerland has its Teddy Bears.

German is the language of two empires and a republic.

No house can have an "L" where land is sold by the inch.

A Continental compartment car is like a Harlem flat. It has all the comforts of home—in the abstract.

A "Seeing London" guide once did duty on Broadway. Three months in the country, and his breezy descriptions have captured London Town.

London is suffering from the French invasion.

The Rhine hardly deserves to be called "the Hudson of Europe."

The policemen in Glasgow carry lanterns on their backs.

An Irish agitator and King William are in juxtaposition on College Green, but they have their backs to each other.

The Blarney stone covers all Ireland.

The Irish innkeepers act on the principle that you don't know what you want. There is a plenthora of advice.

Kind hearts may be more than coronets, but the Swiss waitress has both.

A tip is ever a bone of contention.

Touring the hotels is a game of tag.

An American is known by his ice water and his bath.

He who eats the Vienna rolls must settle with the dentist.

Honest Bill.

If Bill is on a job o' work
He never takes a chance to shirk,
But plugs on at a pace that's fit to kill.
He covers just the same old ground
As when he sees the boss around.
He hasn't got a lick o' sense, ain't Bill.

If he's done wrong, the foolish guy
Will own right up; he'll never lie,
It's my opinion that he'd sooner grill.
He doesn't seem to know what's best
An' most of his own interest,
He hasn't got a lick o' sense, ain't Bill.

It's easy for a guy to swipe
A chunk o' brass or piece o' pipe,
A hammer, or a shovel, or a drill.
But he ain't in that kind o' deal,
He thinks that it's dead wrong to steal.
He hasn't got a lick o' sense, ain't Bill.

He's married. Yes, you bet your life,
An' takes his wages to his wife
When he could join the bunch and drink his fill.
He says a feller should behave
An' try to get a home an' save.
He hasn't got a lick o' sense, ain't Bill.

For all that Bill is such a guy it
Is best to keep my kisser quiet,
I'd like to tell him what I think, but still
He's husky, and I guess he might
Put up a pretty ugly fight.
He hasn't got a lick o' sense, ain't Bill.

—Chicago News.

THE OFFICE SEEKER.

New York Mail.

Bryan's career gets its best definition from Mr. Taft, who calls it "a twelve years' hunt for an issue on which he can be elected president." That is Bryanism in a sentence.

Mr. Bryan has promulgated a number of "paramount issues," so many, indeed, that people call him inconsistent. He has not been true to one paramount issue right along—the purposes to enter the White House and the search for the handiest vehicle to carry him there?

To become president by hook or by crook—no other formula will explain the various facts of Mr. Bryan's life, or the twelve-year plight of a once great party tied up to a purpose so completely selfish.

One Hundred Thousand Horses

Neue Militarische Blatter.

The German army on a peace footing has in its establishment 100,000 horses. Annually at the close of the fall maneuvers the unfit horses are sold and the necessary complement is made up by the entry of remounts, of which 13,000 or 14,000 are required every year. In the cavalry the horses serve about ten years and in the artillery about nine years. The average is from nine to ten in the former and from eight to nine years in the latter. Germany is advantageously placed in regard to horse supply. Five remount committees conduct their work in the spring and summer in the horse-producing provinces, buying 3 and 4-year-old animals suitable for military service. These are unbroken and are sent to the remount depots, of which there are 25, one in Wurtemberg, two in Saxony, four in Bavaria and the rest in Prussia. The best remounts are procured in East and West Prussia, Hanover and Posen, the Rhine province and Saxony. The young remounts are issued to the army in the early summer.

WANT A CHANGE.

Judge.

Advices from Washington state that the gum on the back of the postage stamps is made of sweet potato. This is all very well as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. If the public gum is to be made of foodstuffs, why should one man's taste be permitted to prevail over another's? We do not all of us care for sweet potatoes, and we cannot be compelled to even by the great I Yam himself, for all his big stick and his power.

The sweet potato is not a bad thing, but there are thousands of us with cultivated gastronomic tastes who prefer other edibles, like Camembert cheese, canvas-back duck, lobsters, shrimp salad, and so on—there are even people who can eat squash relish.

Wherefore, why sweet potatoes exclusively? Are all these other tastes to be ruthlessly ignored because some bureaucrat likes sweet potatoes? We trow not—not, at least, if this is the age of the square deal. It is therefore respectfully suggested that the post-office department vary that recipe a bit and give us a more extensive menu.

Let the one-cent stamps be gummed with sweet potato, if you will, but on the twos let us have a hint of pickled oysters; give us a three-cent stamp flavored with stewed rhubarb; a four-cent stamp with pumpkin pie; put mint sauce on the nickel stamp; and so one up as the stamps rise in value to the more expensive tastes.

Surely if the man who never buys anything more expensive than a penny stamp is entitled to his sweet potato—and nobody denies that he is—the chap who buys a dollar stamp should be able to get something for his money in his gum—as the office boy says, he should get what is gumming to him—ruddy-duck, pate de foie gras, or even a hint of a Bronx cocktail, if that is what he likes.

While we are on this subject we feel constrained to interpellate the post-office department also on the point as to when it proposes to obey the mandates of the pure food law and stamp its gum with a statement of its ingredients?

Made Rich by Rainstorm.

San Francisco Call.

Jacob L. Thomason, of San Bernardino, Cal., has filed on placer claims revealed to him by a miniature flood on the side of Mount San Bernardino. Thomason was prospecting among the old Mexican placers near Hesperia when he was overtaken by a furious storm which forced him to seek shelter. After a quarter of an inch of rain had fallen in less than one hour, throwing the canyons into roaring torrents, Thomason returned to his work. When the water subsided he says he found scores of rich placer pockets and within a few hours panned out nearly $10,000 in gold.

SEEING NEW YORK OF OLDEN TIME

LISPENARDS MEADOWS

Canal street runs westward to the Hudson through what used to be called Lispenard's Meadows. They were part of the King's Farm, which subsequently came into the possession of Trinity and was called the Church farm. That part which lay to the west of the Collect Pond was a marsh, into which cattle wandered and were drowned and from which malarial odors arose, causing fevers in the city.

When, in 1730, Anthony Rutgers proposed to drain this marsh and make good farm land of it, taking possession of the property in payment for his labors, the council consented, granting him the tract of about seventy acres provided he should clear and drain it within a year.

When the ground was duly cleared, a neighbor, Leonard Lispenard, married Alice, the daughter of Anthony Rutgers. When Rutgers died, the land, as well as the old Rutgers farm, passed into the possession of this son-in-law, after whom the upper farm became named.

Two streets run across what was once this farm, and their names, Leonard and Lispenard, keep alive the memory of their early proprietor.

The Lispenards—or, as the name is known in France, L'Espenard—are of Huguenot extraction. The family was founded in this country by Antoine L'Espenard, who, fleeing from persecution, left Rochelle, France, in 1669 and, after adventures in the New World, settled in 1690 at New Rochelle. His grandson was the Leonard Lispenard who married the daughter of Anthony Rutgers and to whom passed the ownership of the farm known as Lispenard's Meadows.

Leonard Lispenard was an alderman of the city and a member of the colonial assembly, and opposed the stamp act. He was regent and treasurer of King's—afterward Columbia—college, to which he sent his son, also named Leonard Lispenard. The latter was graduated in 1762, one of a class of nine.

The elder Lispenard, in the critical days at the beginning of the revolution, declared himself a patriot, and on the arrival of General Washington threw open his house to the continental leader, who made it his headquarters.

A MILLIONAIRE OF YESTERDAY

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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CHAPTER VIII.

Trent, on leaving the hotel, turned for almost the first time in his life westward. For years the narrow alleys, the thronged streets, the great buildings of the city had known him day by day, almost hour by hour. Its roar and clamor, the strife of tongues and keen measuring of wits had been the salt of his life. Steadily, sturdily, almost insolently, he had thrust his way through to the front ranks. In many respects those were singular and unusual elements which had gone to the making of his success. His had not been the victory of honied falsehoods, of suave deceit, of gentle but legalized robbery. He had been a hard worker, a daring speculator with nerves of iron, and courage which would have glorified a nobler cause. Nor had his been the methods of good fellowship, the sharing of "good turns," the camaraderie of finance. The men with whom he had had large dealings he had treated as enemies rather than friends, ever watching them covertly with close but unslackening vigilance. And now, for the present at any rate, it was all over. There had come a pause in his life. His back was to the city and his face was set towards an unknown world. Half unconsciously he had undertaken a little voyage of exploration.

From the Strand he crossed Trafalgar Square into Pall Mall, and up the Haymarket into Piccadilly. He was very soon aware that he had wandered into a world whose ways were not his ways and with whom he had no kinship. Yet he set himself sedulously to observe them, conscious that what he saw represented a very large side of life. From the first he was aware of a certain difference in himself and his ways. The careless glance of a lounger on the pavement of Pall Mall filled him with a sudden anger. The man was wearing gloves, an article of dress which Trent ignored, and smoking a ciragret, which he loathed. Trent was carlessly dressed in a tweed suit and red tie, his critic wore a silk hat and frock coat, patent leather boots, and a dark tie of invisible pattern. Yet Trent knew that he was a type of that class which look upon him as an outsider, and a black sheep, until he had bought his standing. They would expect him to conform to their type, to learn to speak their jargon, to think with their puny brains and to see with their short-sighted eyes. At the Criterion he turned in and had a drink, and, bolder for the wine which he had swallowed at a gulp, he told himself that he would do nothing of the sort. He would not alter a jot. They must take him as he was, or leave him. He suffered his thoughts to dwell for a moment upon his wealth, on the years which had gone to the winning of it, on a certain nameless day, the memory of which even now sent sometimes the blood running colder through his veins, on the weaker men who had gone under that he might prosper. Now that it was his, he wanted the best possible value for it; it was the natural desire of the man to be uppermost in the bargain. The delights of the world behind, it seemed to him that he had already drained. The crushing of his rivals, the homage of his less successful competitors, the grosser pleasures of wine, the music halls, and the unlimited spending of money amongst people whom he despised had long since palled upon him. He had a keen, strong desire to escape once and for ever from his surroundings. He lounged along, smoking a large cigar, keen-eyed and observant, laying up for himself a store of impressions, unconsciously irritated at every step by a sense of ostracism, of being in some indefinable manner without kinship and wholly apart from this world, in which it seemed natural now that he should find some place. He gazed at the great houses without respect or envy, at the men with a fierce contempt, at the women with a sore feeling that if by chance he should be brought into contact with any of them they would regard him as a sort of wild animal, to be humored or avoided purely as a matter of self-interest. The very brightness and brilliancy of their toilettes, the rustling of their dresses, the trim elegance and dantiness which he was able to appreciate without being able to understand, only served to deepen his consciousness of the gulf which lay between him and them. They were of a world to which, even if he were permitted to enter it, he could not possibly belong. He returned such glances as fell upon him with fierce insolence; he was indeed somewhat of a strange figure in his ill-fitting and inappropriate clothes amongst a gathering of smart people. A lady looking at him through raised lorgnettes turned and whispered something with a smile to her companion—once before he had heard an audible titter from a little group of loiterers. He returned the glance with a lightning-like look of diabolical fierceness, and, turning round, stood upon the curbstone and called a hansom.

A sense of depression swept over him as he was driven through the crowded streets toward Waterloo. The half-scornful, half-earnest prophecy, to which he had listened a year ago in a squalid African hut, flashed into his mind. For the first time he began to have dim apprehensions as to his future. All his life he had been a toiler, and joy had been with him in the fierce combat which he had waged day by day. He had fought his battle and he had won—where were the fruits of his victory? A puny, miserable little creature like Dickenson could prate of happiness and turn a shining face to the future—Dickenson, who lived upon a pittance, who depended upon the whim of his employer, and who confessed to ambitions which were surely pitiable. Trent lit a fresh cigar and smiled; things would surely come right with him—they must. What Dickenson could gain was surely his by right a thousand times over.

He took the train for Walton, traveling first-class, and treated with much deference by the officials on the line. As he alighted and passed through the booking-hall into the station yard a voice hailed him. He looked up sharply. A carriage and pair of horses was waiting, and inside a young woman with a very smart hat and a profusion of yellow hair.

"Come on, general," she cried. "I've done a skip and driven down to meet you. Such jokes when they miss me. The old lady will be as sick as they make 'em. Can't we have a drive round for an hour, eh?

Her voice was high-pitched and penetrating. Listening to it Trent unconsciously compared it with the voices of the women of that other world into which he had wandered earlier in the afternoon. He turned a frowning face toward her.

"You might have spared yourself the trouble," he said shortly. "I didn't order a carriage to meet me and I don't want one. I am going to walk home."

She tossed her head.

"What a beastly temper you're in!" she remarked. "I'm not particular about driving. Do you want to walk alone?"

"Exactly!" he answered. "I do!"

She leaned back in the carriage with heightened color.

"Well, there's one thing about me," she said acidly, "I never go where I ain't wanted."

Trent shrugged his shoulders and turned to the coachman.

"Drive home, Gregg," he said. "I'm walking."

The man touched his hat, the carriage drove off, and Trent, with a grim smile upon his lips, walked along the dusty road. Soon he paused before a little white gate marked private, and, unlocking it with a key which he took from his pocket, passed through a little plantation into a large park-field. He took off his hat and fanned himself thoughtfully as he walked. The one taste which his long and absorbing struggle with the giants of Capel Court had never weakened was his love for the country. He lifted his head to taste the breeze which came sweeping across from the Surrey Downs, keenly relishing the fragrance of the new-mown hay and the faint odor of pines from the distant dark-crested hill. As he came up the field towards the house he looked with pleasure upon the great bed of gorgeous-colored rhododendrons which bordered his lawn, the dark cedars which drooped over the smooth shaven grass, and the faint flush of color from the rose-gardens beyond. It was a gray stone building of two stories only, and from where he was seemed completely embowered in flowers and creepers. In a way, he thought he would be sorry to leave it. It had been a pleasant summer-house for him, although of course it was no fit dwelling-house for a millionaire. He must look out for something at once now—a country house and estate. All these things would come as a matter of course.

He opened another gate and passed into an inner plantation of pines and shrubs which bordered the grounds. A winding path led through it, and, coming round a bend, he stopped short with a little exclamation. A girl was standing with her back to him rapidly sketching upon a little block which she had in her left hand.

"Hullo!" he remarked, "another guest! and who brought you down, young lady, eh?"

She turned slowly round and looked at him in cold surprise. Trent knew at once that he had made a mistake. She was plainly dressed in white linen and a cool muslin blouse, but there was something about her, unmistakable even to Trent, which placed her very far apart indeed from any woman likely to have become his unbidden guest. He knew at once that she was one of that class with whom he had never had any association. She was the first lady whom he had ever addressed, and he could have bitten out his tongue when he remembered the form of his doing so.

"I beg your pardon, miss," he said confusedly, "my mistake! You see, your back was turned to me."

She nodded and smiled graciously.

"If you are Mr. Scarlett Trent," she said, "it is I who should apologize, for I am a flagrant trespasser. You must let me explain."

CHAPTER IX.

The girl had moved a step towards him as she spoke, and a gleam of sunlight which had found its way into the grove flashed for a moment on the stray little curls of her brown-gold hair and across her face. Her lips were parted in a delightful smile; she was very pretty, and inclined to be apologetic. But Scarlett Trent had seen nothing save that first glance when the sun had touched her face with fire. A strong man at all times, and more than commonly self-masterful, he felt himself now as helpless as a child. A sudden pallor had whitened his face to the lips, there were strange singings in his ears, and a mist before his eyes. It was she! There was no possibility of any mistake. It was the girl for whose picture he had gambled in the hut at Bekwando—Monty's baby girl, of whom he had babbled even in death. He leaned against a tree, stricken dumb, and she was frightened.

"You are ill," she cried. "I'm so sorry. Let me run to the house and fetch some one!"

He had strength enough to stop her. A few deep breaths and he was himself again, shaken and with a heart beating like a steam-engine, but able at least to talk intelligently.

"I'm sorry—didn't mean to frighten you," he said. "It's the heat. I get an attack like this sometimes. Yes, I'm Mr. Trent. I don't know what you're doing here, but you're welcome."

"How nice of you to say so!" she answered brightly. "But then perhaps you'll change your mind when you know what I have been doing."

He laughed shortly.

"Nothing terrible, I should say. Looks as though you've been making a picture of my house; I don't mind that."

She dived in her pocket and produced a card case.

"I'll make a full confession," she said frankly. "I'm a journalist."

"A what?" he repeated feebly.

"A journalist. I'm on the Hour. This isn't my work as a rule; but the man who should have come is ill, and his junior can't sketch, so they sent me! Don't look as though I were a ghost, please. Haven't you ever heard of a girl journalist before?"

"Never," he answered emphatically. "I didn't know that ladies did such things!"

She laughed gaily but softly; and Trent understood then what was meant by the music of a woman's voice.

"Oh, it's not at all an uncommon thing," she answered him. "You won't mind my interviewing you, will you?"

"Doing what?" he asked blankly.

"Interviewing you! That's what I've come for, you know; and we want a little sketch of your house for the paper. I know you don't like it. I hear you've been awfully rude to poor little Morrison of the Post; but I'll be very careful what I say, and very quick."

He stood looking at her, a dazed and bewildered man. From the trim little hat, with its white band and jaunty bunch of cornflowers, to the well-shaped patent shoes, she was neatly and daintily dressed. A journalist! He gazed once more into her face, at the brown eyes watching him now a little anxiously, the mouth with the humorous twitch at the corner of her lips. The little wisps of hair flashed again in the sunlight. It was she! He had found her.

She took his silence for hesitation, and continued a little anxiously.

"I really won't ask you many questions, and it would do me quite a lot of good to get an interview with you. Of course I oughtn't to have begun this sketch without permission. If you mind that, I'll give it up."

He found his tongue awkwardly, but vigorously.

"You can sketch just as long as ever you please, and make what use of it you like," he said. "It's only a bit of a place though!"

"How nice of you! And the interview?"

"I'll tell you whatever you want to know," he said quietly.

She could scarcely believe in her good fortune, especially when she remembered the description of the man which one of the staff had given. He was gruff, vulgar, ill-tempered; the chief ought to be kicked for letting her go near him! This was what she had been told. She laughed softly to herself.

"It is very good indeed of you, Mr. Trent," she said earnestly. "I was quite nervous about coming, for I had no idea that you would be so kind. Shall I finish my sketch first, and then perhaps you will be able to spare me a few minutes for the interview?"

"Just as you like," he answered.

"May I look at it?"

"Certainly," she answered, holding out the block; "but it isn't half finished yet."

"Will it take long?"

"About an hour, I think."

"You are very clever," he said, with a little sigh.

She laughed outright.

"People are calling you the cleverest man in London today," she said.

"Pshaw! It isn't the cleverness that counts for anything that makes money."

Then he set his teeth hard together and swore vigorously but silently. She had become suddenly interested in her work. A shrill burst of laughter from the lawn in front had rung sharply out, startling them both. A young woman with fluffy hair in a pale blue dinner-dress was dancing to an unseen audience. Trent's eyes flashed with anger, and his cheeks burned. The dance was a music-hall one, and the gestures were not refined. Before he could stop himself an oath had broken from his lips. After that he dared not even glance at the girl by his side.

"I'm very sorry," he muttered. "I'll stop that right away."

"You musn't disturb your friends on my account," she said quietly. She did not look up, but Trent felt keenly the alteration in her manner.

"They're not my friends," he exclaimed passionately. "I'll clear them out neck and crop."

She looked up for a moment, surprised at his sudden vehemence. There was no doubt about his being in earnest. She continued her work without looking at him, but her tone when she spoke was more friendly.

"This will take me a little longer than I thought to finish properly," she said. "I wonder might I come down early tomorrow morning? What time do you leave for the city?"

"Not until afternoon, at any rate," he said. "Come tomorrow, certainly—whenever you like. You needn't be afraid of that rabble. I'll see you don't have to go near them."

"You must please not make any difference or alter your arrangements on my account," she said. "I am quite used to meeting all sorts of people in my profession, and I don't object to it in the least. Won't you go now? I think that that was your dinner-bell."

He hesitated, obviously embarrassed but determined.

"There is one question," he said, "which I should very much like to ask you. It will sound impertinent. I don't mean it so. I can't explain exactly why I want to know, but I have a reason."

"Ask it by all means," she said. "I'll promise that I'll answer it if I can."

"You say that you are a—journalist. Have you taken it up for a pastime, or—to earn money?"

"To earn money by all means," she answered, laughing. "I like the work, but I shouldn't care for it half so much if I didn't make my living at it. Did you think that I was an amateur?"

"I didn't know," he answered slowly. "Thank you. You will come tomorrow?"

"Of course! Good evening."

"Good evening."

Trent lifted his hat, and turned away unwillingly towards the house, full of a sense that something wonderful had happened to him. He was absent-minded, but he stopped to pat a little dog whose attentions he usually ignored, and he picked a creamy-white rose as he crossed the lawn and wondered why it should remind him of her.

CHAPTER X.

Trent's appearance upon the lawn was greeted with a shout of enthusiasm. The young lady in blue executed a pas seul, and came across to him on her toes, and the girl with the yellow hair, although sulky, gave him to understand by a sidelong glance that her favor was not permanently withdrawn. They neither of them noticed the somewhat ominous air of civility with which he received their greetings, or the contempt in his eyes as he looked them silently over.

"Where are the lost tribe?" he inquired, as the girls, on on either side, escorted him to the house.

They received his witticism with a piercing shriek of laughter.

"Mamma and her rag of a daughter are in the drawing-room," explained Miss Montressor—the young lady with fluffy hair who dressed in blue and could dance. "Such a joke, General! They don't approve of us! Mamma says that she shall have to take her Julie away if we remain. We are not fit associates for her. Rich, isn't it! The old chap's screwing up his courage now with brandy and soda to tell you so!"

Trent laughed heartily. The situation began to appeal to him. There was humor in it which he alone could appreciate.

"Does he expect me to send you away?" he asked.

"That's a cert!" Miss Montressor affirmed. "The old woman's been playing the respectable all day, turning up the whites of her eyes at me because I did a high kick in the hall, and groaning at Flossie because she had a few brandies; ain't that so, Flossie?"

The young lady with yellow hair confirmed the statement with much dignity.

"I had a toothache," she said, "and Mrs. Da Souza, or whatever the old cat calls herself, was most rude. I reckon myself as respectable as she is any day, dragging that yellow-faced daughter of hers about with her and throwing her at men's heads."

Miss Montressor, who had stopped to pick a flower, rejoined them.

"I say, General," she remarked, "fair's fair, and a promise is a promise. We didn't come down here to be made fools of by a fat old Jewess. You won't send us away because of the old wretch?"

"I promise," said Trent, "that when she goes you go, and not before. Is that sufficient?"

"Right oh!" the young lady declared "you go and prink up for dinner. We're readdy, Flossie and I. The little Jew girl's got a new dress—black covered with sequins. It makes her look yellower than ever. There goes the bell, and we're both as hungry as hunters. Look sharp!"

Trent entered the house. Da Souza met him in the hall, sleek, curly, and resplendent in a black dinner-suit. The years had dealt lightly with him, or else the climate of England was kinder to his yellow skin than the moist heat of the Gold Coast. He greeted Trent with a heartiness which was partly tentative, partly boisterous.

"Back from the coining of the shekels, my dear friend," he exclaimed. "Back from the spoiling of the Egyptians, eh? How was money today?"

"An eighth easier," Trent answered, ascending the stairs.

Da Souaz fidgeted about with the banisters, and finally followed him.

"There was just a word," he remarked, "a little word I wanted with you."

"Come and talk while I wash," Trent said shortly. "Dinner's on and I'm hungry."

"Certainly, certainly," Da Souza murmured, closing the door behind them as they entered the lavatory. "It is concerning these young ladies."

"What! Miss Montressor and her friend?" Trent remarked, thrusting his head into the cold water. "Phew!"

"Exactly! Two very charming young ladies, my dear friend, very charming, indeed, but a little—don't you fancy just a little fast!"

"Hadn't noticed it," Trent answered, drying himself. "What about it?"

Da Souza tugged at his little black imperial, and moved uneasily about.

"We—er—men of the world, my dear Trent, we need not be so particular, eh? —but the ladies—the ladies are so observant."

"What ladies?" Trent asked cooly.

"It is my wife who has been talking to me," Da Souza continued. "You see, Julie is so young—our dear daughter is but a child; and, as my wife says, we cannot be to particular, too careful, eh; you understand!"

"You want them to go? Is that it?" Da Souza spread out his hands—an old trick, only now the palms were white and the diamonds real.

"For myself," he declared, "I find them charming. It is my wife who says to me, 'Hiram, those young persons, they are not fit company for our dear, innocent Julie! You shall speak to Mr. Trent. He will understand!' Eh?"

Trent had finished his toilet and stood, the hair brushes still in his hands, looking at Da Souza's anxious face with a queer smile upon his face.

"Yes, I understand, Da Souza," he said. "No doubt you are right, you cannot be too careful. You do well to be particular."

Da Souza winced. He was about to speak, but Trent interrupted him.

"Well, I'll tell you this, and you can let the misses know, my fond father. They leave tomorrow. Is that good enough?"

Da Souza caught at his host's hand, but Trent snatched it away.

"My dear—my noble—"

"Here, shut up and don't paw me," Trent interrupted. "Mind, not a word of this to anyone but your wife; the girls don't know they're going themselves yet."

They entered the dining-room, where every one else was already assembled. Mrs. Da Souza, a Jewess, portly and typical, resplendent in black satin and many gold chains and bangles, occupied the seat of honor, and by her side was a little brown girl, with dark, timid eyes and dusky complexion, pitiably overdressed but with a certain elf-like beauty which it was hard to believe that she could ever have inherited. Miss Montressor and her friend sat on either side of their host—an arrangement which Mrs. Da Souza lamented, but found herself powerless to prevent, and her husband took the vacant place. Dinner was served, and with the opening of the champagne, which was not long delayed, tongues were loosened.

"It was very hot in the city today," Mrs. DaSouza remarked to her host. "Dear Julie was saying what a shame it seemed that you should be there and we should be enjoying your beautiful gardens. She is so thoughtful, so sympathetic! Dear girl!"

"Very kind of your daughter," Trent answered, looking directly at her and rather inclined to pity her obvious shyness. "Come, drink up, Da Souza, drink up, girls! I've had a hard day and I want to forget for a bit that there's any such thing as work."

Miss Montressor raised her glass and winked at her host.

"It don't take much drinking, this, General," she remarked cheerily draining her glass! "Different to the 'pop' they give us down at the 'Star,' eh, Flossie? Good old gooseberry I call that!"

"Da Souza, look after Miss Flossie," Trent said. "Why don't you fill her glass? That's right!"

"Hiram!"

Da Souza removed his hand from the back of his neighbor's chair and endeavored to look unconscious. The girl tittered—Mrs. Da Souza was severely dignified. Trent watched them all, half in amusement, half in disgust. What a pandemonium! It was time indeed for him to get rid of them all. From where he sat he could see across the lawn into the little pine plantation. It was still light—if she could look in at the open window what would she think? His cheeks burned, and he thrust the hand which was seeking his under the table savagely away. And then an idea flashed in upon him—a magnificent, irresistible idea. He drank off a glass of champagne and laughed loud and long at one of his neighbor's silly sayings. It was a glorious joke! The more he thought of it, the more he liked it. He called for more champagne, and all, save the little brown girl, greeted the magnum which presently appeared with cheers. Even Mrs. Da Souza unbent a little towards the young women against whom she had declared war. Faces were flushed and voices grew a little thick. Da Souza's arm unchidden sought once more the back of his neighbor's chair, Miss Montressor's eyes did their utmost to win a tender glance from their lavish host. Suddenly Trent rose to his feet. He held a glass high over his head. His face was curiously unmoved, but his lips were parted in an enigmatic smile.

"A toast, my friends!" he cried. "Fill up, the lot of you! Come! To our next meeting! May fortune soon smile again, and may I have another home before long as worthy a resting-place for you as this!"

Bewilderment reigned. No one offered to drink the toast. It was Miss Montressor who asked the question which was on every one's lips.

"What's up?" she exclaimed. "What's the matter with our meeting here tomorrow night, and what's all that rot about your next home and fortune?"

Trent looked at them all in well-simulated amazement.

"Lord!" he exclaimed, "you don't know—none of you! I thought Da Souza would have told you the news!"

"What news?" Da Souza cried, his beady eyes protuberant, and his glass arrested half-way to his mouth.

"What are you talking about, my friend?"

Trent set down his glass.

"My friends," he said unsteadily, "let me explain to you, as shortly as I can, what an uncertain position is that of a great financier."

Da Souza leaned across the table. His face was livid, and the corners of his eyes were bloodshot.

"I thought there was something up," he muttered. "You would not have me come into the city this morinng. D—— it, you don't mean that you——"

"I'm bust!" Trent said roughly. "Is that plain enough? I've been bulling on West Australians, and they boomed and this afternoon the Government decided not to back us at Bekwando, and the mines are to be shut down. Tell you all about if you like."

No one wanted to hear all about it. They shrunk from as though he were a robber. Only the little brown girl was sorry, and she looked at him with dark, soft eyes.

"I've given a bill of sale here," Trent continued. "They'll be round tomorrow. Better pack tonight. These valuers are such robbers. Come, another bottle! It'll all have to be sold. We'll make a night of it."

Mrs. Da Souza rose and swept from the room—Da Souza had fallen forward with his head upon his hands. He was only half sober, but the shock was working like madness in his brain. The two girls, after whispering together for a moment, rose and followed Mrs. Da Souza. Trent stole from his place and out into the garden. With footsteps which were steady enough now he crossed the velvety lawns, and plunged into the shrubbery. Then he began to laugh softly as he walked. They were all duped! They had accepted his story without the slightest question. He leaned over the gate which led into the little plantation, and he was suddenly grave and silent. A night-wind was blowing fragrant and cool. The dark boughs of the trees waved to and fro against the background of deep blue sky. The lime leaves rustled softly, the perfume of roses came floating across from the flower gardens. Trent stood quite still, listening and thinking.

"God! what a beast I am!" he muttered. "It was there she sat! I'm not fit to breathe the same air."

He looked back towards the house. The figures of the two girls, with Da Souza standing now between them, were silhouetted against the window. His face grew dark and fierce.

"Faugh!" he exclaimed, "what a kennel I have made of my house! What a low-down thing I have begun to make of life! Yet—I was a beggar—and I am a millionaire. Is it harder to change oneself? Tomorrow"—he looked hard at the place where she had sat—"to-morrow I will ask her!"

On his way back to the house a little cloaked figure stepped out from behind a shrub. He looked at her in amazement. It was the little brown girl, and her eyes were wet with tears.

"Listen," she said quickly. "I have been waiting to speak to you! I want to say goodbye and to thank you. I am very, very sorry, and I hope that some day very soon you will make some more money and be happy again."

Her lips were quivering. A single glance into her face assured him of her honesty. He took the hand which she held out and pressed her fingers.

"Little Julie," he said, "you are a brick. Don't you bother about me. It isn't quite so bad as I made out—only don't tell your mother that."

"I'm very glad," she murmured. "I think that it is hateful of them all to rush away, and I made up my mind to say goodbye however angry it made them. Let me go now, please. I want to get back before mamma misses me."

He passed his arm around her tiny waist. She looked at him with frightened eyes.

"Please let me go," she murmured.

He kissed her lips, and a moment afterwards vaguely repented it. She buried her face in her hands and ran away sobbing. Trent lit a cigar and sat down upon a garden seat.

"It's a queer thing," he said reflectingly. "The girl's been thrown repeatedly at my head for a week and I might have kissed her at any moment, before her father and mother if I had liked, and they'd have thanked me. Now I've done it I'm sorry. She looked prettier than I've ever seen her, too—and she's the only decent one of the lot. Lord! what a hubbub there'll be in the morning!"

The stars came out and the moon rose, and still Scarlett Trent lingered in the scented darkness. He was a man of limited imagination and little given to superstitions. Yet that night there came to him a presentiment. He felt that he was on the threshold of great events. Something new in life was looming up before him. He had cut himself adrift from the old—it was a very wonderful and a very beautiful figure which was beckoning him to follow in other paths. The triumph of the earlier part of the day seemed to lie far back in a misty and unimportant past. There was a new world and a greater, if fortune willed that he should enter it.

(To Be Continued.)

STORM OF CANARY BIRDS

San Francisco Chronicle.

It happened in the night, and, according to the yarn spun yesterday by Captain Sandberg, of the Panama liner City of Para, it must have been a night of terror.

The ship was midway between Acajutla and San Jose de Guatemala, which is a latitude in which the unusual is the expected. The time was between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning, and it was very dark. Suddenly an electric storm of great ferocity came up from a revolutionary republic on the starboard quarter, accompanied by waterspouts, St. Elmo's fire, and a great flock of canary birds. Everyone knows that St. Elmo's fire and waterspouts are common off the coast of Acajutla, but the canary birds are a novelty.

At the first stroke the lighting blew out the fuse in the ship's dynamo and she became as dark as an abandoned trolley car. Then the St. Elmo's fire lit on the foretopmast and split the gilt ball at the top of the topmast exactly into two hemispheres. One of these fell into the water; the other struck the bridge and almost hit Second Officer Heckert.

Third Officer Zual, who had been off watch below, ran on deck. All the passengers followed Zual to the deck, and the captain says that the passengers thought the end of the world had come. The storm was bad enough and the lightning was blinding, but it was the great birds that flew in the faces of the startled passengers in the darkness that caused the indescribable terror.

It lasted for an hour, and in the morning, when the storm had passed and the sun rose, there on the decks, covering the awnings and almost filling the boats lashed on the upper deck were thousands of dead and dying canary birds. Captain Sandberg says there were thousands of them. Some of them had blundered into the staterooms in the darkness after the electric lights were out.

So the City of Para came safely through the storm when it rained canary birds, all save the gilt ball at the top of the foremast, half of which was lost overboard.

The Indiscretion of the Duchess

By ANTHONY HOPE

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Strange Good Humor.

For a moment Marie Delhasse stood looking at me; then she uttered a low cry, full of relief, of security, of joy; and coming to me stretched out her hands, saying:

"You are here then, after all!"

Charmed to see how she greeted me, I had not the heart to tell her that her peril was not past; nor did she give me the opportunity, but went on directly:

"And you are wounded? But not badly, not badly, Mr. Aycon?"

"Who told you I was wounded?"

"Why, the duke. He said that you had been shot by a thief, and were very badly hurt; and—and——" She stopped, blushing.

("Where is he?" I remembered the words; my forecast of their meaning had been true.)

"And did what he told you," I asked softly, "make you leave the convent and come to find me?"

"Yes," she answered, taking courage and meeting my eyes. "And then you were not here, and I thought it was a trap."

"You were right; it was a trap. I came to find you at the convent, but you were gone; only by the chance of meeting with a friend who saw the duke's carriage standing here have I found you."

"You were seeking for me?"

"Yes, I was seeking for you."

I spoke slowly, as though hours were open for our talk; but suddenly I remembered that at any moment the old witch might return. And I had much to say before she came.

"Marie——" I began eagerly, never thinking that the name she had come to bear in my thoughts could be new and strange from my lips. But the moment I had uttered it I perceived what I had done, for she drew back further, gazing at me with inquiring eyes, and her breath seemed arrested. Then, answering the question in her eyes, I said simply:

"For what else am I here, Marie?" and I caught her hand in my left hand.

She stood motionless, still silently asking what I would. And I kissed her hand. And again the low cry, lower still—half a cry and half a sigh—came from her, and she drew timidly nearer to me; and I drew her yet nearer, whispering, in a broken word or two, that I loved her.

But she, still dazed, looked up at me, whispering, "When, when?"

And I could not tell her when I had come to love her, for I did not know then—nor can I recollect now; nor have I any opinion about it, save that it speaks ill for me that it was not when first I set my eyes upon her. But she doubted, remembering that I had seemed fancy-struck with the little duchess, and cold, maybe stern, to her; and because, I think, she knew that I had seen her tempted. And to silence her doubts, I kissed her lips. She did not return my kiss, but stood with wondering eyes. Then in an instant a change came over her face. I felt her press my hand, and for an instant or two her lips moved, but I heard no words, nor do I think that the unheard words were for my ear; and I bowed my head.

Yet time pressed. Again I collected my thoughts from this sweet reverie—wherein what gave me not least joy was the perfect trust she showed in me, for that is perhaps the one thing in this world that a man may be proud to win—and said to her:

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struck me that there was small wonder that Mme. Delhasse's temper had not been of the best nor calculated to endure patiently such a vexatious encounter as befell her when she ran against me on the landing outside her door.

Yet Marie's courage failed again; and I told her that before we fought I would tell my second of her state, so that if she came not and I were wounded (of worse I did not speak), he would come to the inn and bring her to me. And this comforted her more, so that she grew calmer, and, passing from our present difficulties, she gave herself to persuading me (nor would the poor girl believe that I needed no persuading) that in no case would she have yielded to the duke, and that her mother had left her in wrath born of an utter despair that Marie's will in the matter could ever be broken down.

"For I told her," Marie repeated, "that I would sooner die!"

She paused, and raising her eyes to mine, said to me (and here I think courage was not lacking in her):

"Yes, although once I had hesitated, now I had rather die. For when I hesitated, God sent you to my door, that in love I might find salvation."

Well, I do not know that a man does well to describe all that passes at times like this. There are things rather meet to be left dwelling in his own heart, sweetening all his life, and causing him to marvel that sinners have such joys conceded to them this side of Heaven; so that in their recollection he may find, mingling with his delight, an occasion for humility such as it little harms any of us to light on now and then.

Enough then—for the telling of it; but enough in the passing of it there was not nor could be. Yet at last, because needs must when the devil—or a son—aye, or an elderly daughter of his—drives, I found myself outside the door of Mme. Delhasse's room. With the turning of the lock Marie whispered a last word to me, and full of hope I turned to descend the stairs. For I had upon me the feeling which, oftener, perhaps, than we think, gave to the righteous cause a victory against odds when ordeal of battle held sway. Now, such a feeling is, I take it, of small use in a court of law.

But Fortune lost no time in checking my presumption by an accident which at first gave me great concern. For, even as I turned away from the door of the room, there was Mme. Delhasse coming up the stairs. I was fairly caught, there was no doubt about it; and for Marie's sake I was deeply grieved, for I feared that my discovery would mean another stormy scene for her. Nevertheless, to make the best of it, I assumed a jaunty air as I said to Mme. Delhasse:

"The duke will be witness that you were not in your room, madame. You will not be compromised."

I fully expected that an outburst of anger would follow on this pleasantry of mine—which was, I confess, rather in the taste best suited to Mme. Delhasse than in the best as judged by an abstract standard—but to my surprise the old creature did nothing worse than bestow on me a sour grin. Apparently, if I were well pleased with the last half hour, she had found time pass no less pleasantly. All traces of her exasperation and ill humor had gone and she looked as pleased and contented as though she had been an exemplary mother, rewarded (as such deserve to be) by complete love and peace in her family circle.

"You've been slinking in behind my back, have you?" she asked, but still with a grin.

"It would have been rude to force an entrance to your face," I observed.

"And I supose you've been making love to the girl?"

"At the proper time, madame," said I, with much courtesy, "I shall no doubt ask you for an interview with regard to that matter. I shall omit no respect that you deserve."

As I spoke, I stood on one side to let her pass. I can not make up my mind whether her recent fury or her present good humor repelled me more.

"You'd have a fine fool for a wife," said she, with a jerk of her thumb toward the room where the daughter was.

"I should be compensated by a very clever mother-in-law," said I.

The old woman paused for an instant at the top of the stairs, and looked up and down.

"Aye," said she, "you men think yourselves mighty clever, but a woman gets the better of you all now and then."

I was utterly puzzled by her evident exultation. The duke could not have consented to accept her society in place of her daughter's; but I risked the impropriety and hazarded the suggestion to Mme. Delhasse. Her face curled in cunning wrinkles. She seemed to be about to speak, but then she shut her lips with a snap, and suspicion betrayed itself again in her eyes. She had a secret—a fresh secret—I could have sworn, and in her triumph she had come near to saying something that might have cast light on it.

"By the way," I said, "your daughter did not expect my coming." It was, perhaps, a vain hope, but I thought that I might save Marie from a tirade.

The old woman shrugged her shoulders, and observed carelessly:

"The fool may do what she likes;" and with this she knocked at the door.

I did not wait to see it opened—to confess the truth, I felt not sure of my temper were I forced to see her and Marie together—but went downstairs and into my own room. There I sat down in a chair by the window close to a small table, for I meant to write a letter or two to friends at home, in case the duke's left hand should prove more skillful than mine when we met that evening. But, finding that I could hardly write with my right hand and couldn't write at all with the other, I contented myself with scrawling laboriously a short not to Gustave de Berenac, which I put in my pocket, having indorsed on it a direction for its delivery in case I should meet with an accident. Then I lay back in my chair, regretting, I recollect, that, as my luggage was left at Avranches, I had not a clean shirt to fight in; and then, becoming drowsy, I began to stare idly along the road in front of the window, rehearsing the events of the last few days in my mind, but coming back to Marie Delhasse.

So an hour passed away. Then I rose and stretched myself, and gave a glance out of the window to see if we were likely to have a fine evening for our sport, for clouds had been gathering up all day. And when I had made up my mind that the rain would hold off long enough for our purpose, I looked down at the road again, and there I saw two figures which I knew. From the direction of Pontorson came Jacques Bontet, the inn keeper, slouching along and smoking a thin, black cigar.

"Ah! he has been to deliver the note to our friends, the officers," said I to myself.

And then I looked at the other familiar figure, which was that of Mme. Delhasse. She wore the bonnet and cloak which had been lying on the bed in her room at the time of my intrusion. She was just leaving the premises of the inn, strolling, nay dawdling, along. She met Bontet and stopped for a moment in conversation with him. Then she pursued her leisurely walk in the direction of Pontorson, and I watched her till she was about 300 yards off. But her form had no charms, and, growing tired of the prospect, turned away, remarking to myself:

"I suppose the old lady wants just a little stroll before dinner."

Nor did I see any reason to be dissatisfied with either of my inferences—at the moment. So I disturbed myself no more, but rang the bell and ordered some coffee and a little glass of the least bad brandy in the inn. For it could not be long before I was presented with the duke of Saint-Maclou's compliments and an intimation that he would be glad to have my company on a walk in the cool of the evening.

CHAPTER XIX.

Unsummoned Witnesses.

Slowly the afternoon wore away. My content had given place to urgent impatience, and I longed every moment for the summons to action. None came; and a quarter to five I went downstairs, hoping to find some means of whiling away the interval of time. Pushing open the door of the little salle-a-manger, I was presented with a back view of my host, M. Bonete, who was learning out of the window. Just as I entered, he shouted "Ready at six!" Then he turned swiftly round, having, I suppose, heard my entrance; at the same moment, the sound of a door violently slammed struck on my ear across the yard. I moved quickly up to the window. The stable door was shut; and Bontet faced me with a surly frown on his brow.

"What is to be ready at six?" I asked.

"Some refreshments for Mme. Delhasse," he answered readily.

"You order refreshments from the stable?"

"I was shouting to the scullery; the door is, as you will perceive, sir, there to the left."

Now I knew that this was a lie, and I might very likely have said as much, had not the Duke of Saint-Maclou at this moment come into the room. He bowed to me, but addressed himself to Bontet.

"Well, are the gentlemen to be here at five?" he asked.

Bontet, with an air of relief, began an explanation. One of the gentlemen—M. de Vieuville, he believed—had read out the note in his presence and had desired him to tell the duke that he and the other gentleman would meet the duke and his friend on the sands at a quarter to six. They would be where the road ceased and the sand began at that hour.

"He seems to think," Bontet explained, "that less attention would thus be directed to the affair."

The precaution seemed wise enough; but why had M. de Vieuville taken Bontet so much into his confidence? The same thought struck the duke, for he asked sharply:

"Why did he read the note to you?"

"Oh, he thought nothing of that," said Bontet easily. "The gentlemen at Pontorson know me very well; several affairs have been arranged from this house."

"You ought to keep a private cemetery," said the duke with a grim smile.

"The sands are there," laughed the fellow, with a wave of his hand.

Nobody appeared to desire to continue this cheerful conversation, and silence fell upon us for some moments. Then the duke observed:

"Bontet, I want you for a few minutes. Mr. Aycon, shall you be ready to start in half an hour? Our friends will probably bring pistols; failing that, I can provide you, if you have no objection to using mine."

I bowed, and they left me alone. And then, having nothing better to do, I lit a cigar, vaulted out of the window, and strolled toward the stable. My curiosity about the stable had been growing rapidly. I cast a glance round, and saw nobody in the yard. Then, with a careless air, I turned the handle of the door. Nothing occurred. I turned it more violently; still nothing happened. I bent down suddenly and looked through the keyhole. And I saw—not a key, but an eye! And for ten seconds I looked at the eye. Then the eye disappeared; and I heard that little unmistakable "click." The eye had a pistol—and had cocked it! Was that because it saw through the keyhole strange garments, instead of the friendly bright blue of Bontet's blouse? And why had the eye such a dislike for strangers? I straightened myself again and took a walk along the length of the stable, considering these questions, and, incidentally, looking for a window; but the only window was a clear four feet above my head.

I am puzzled even now to say whether I regret not having listened to the suspicion that was strong in my breast. Had I forecast, in the least degree, the result of my neglecting to pay heed to its warning, I should not have hesitated for a moment. But in the absence of such presage, I felt rather indifferent about the matter. My predominant desire was to avoid the necessity of postponing the settlement of the issue between the duke and myself; and a delay to that must needs follow, if I took action in regard to the stable. I had a right to waive any grievance of my own; for the rest, it seemed to me that justice was not much concerned in the matter; the merits or demerits of the parties were, in my view, pretty equal; and I questioned the obligation to incur, not only the delay which I detested, but in all probability, a very risky adventure in a cause which I had very little at heart.

If "the eye" could, by being "ready at six," get out of the stable while the duke and I were engaged otherwise and elsewhere, why—"Let him," said I, "and go to the devil his own way. He's sure to get there at last!" So I reasoned—or, perhaps, I should rather say, so I felt; and I must repeat that I find it difficult now to be very scrry th t my mood was what it was.

My half hour was passing. I crossed back to the window and got in again. The duke, whose impatience rivaled me now was waiting for me. A case of pistols lay on the table, and, having held them up for me to see, he slipped them inside his coat.

"Are you ready, sir?" he asked. "We may as well be starting."

I bowed and motioned him to precede me. He also, in spite of his impatience, seemed to me to be in a better humor than early in the day. The interview with Mme. Delhasse must have been satisfactory to both parties. Had not his face showed me the improvement in his temper, his first words after we left the premises of the inn (at a quarter past five exactly) would have declared it; for he turned to me and said:

"Look here, Mr. Aycon. You're running a great risk for nothing. Be a sensible man. Go back to Avranches, thence to Cherbourg, and thence to where you live—and leave me to settle my own affairs."

"Before I accept that proposal," said I, "I must know what 'your own affairs' include."

"You're making a fool of yourself—or being made a fool of—which you please," he assured me; and his face wore for the moment an almost friendly look. I saw clearly that he believed he had won the day. The old lady had managed to make him think that—by what artifice I knew not. But what I did know was that I believed not a jot of the insinuation he was conveying to me, and had not a doubt of the truth, and sincerity of Marie Delhasse.

"The best of us do that sometimes," I answered. "And when one has begun, it is best to go through."

"As you please. Have you ever practiced with your left hand?"

"No," said I.

"Then," said he, "you've not long to live."

To do him justice, he said it in no boasting way, but like a man who would warn me, and earnestly.

"I have never practiced with my right, either," I remarked. "I think I get rather a pull by the arrangement."

He walked on in silence for a few yards. Then he asked.

"You're resolved on it?"

"Absolutely," I returned. For I understood that he did but offer the same terms as before—terms which included the abandonment of Marie Delhasse.

On we went, our faces set toward the great Mount, and with the sinking sun on our left hands. We met few people, and as we reached the sands yet fewer. When we came to a stand, just where the causeway now begins (it was not built then), nobody was in sight. The duke took out his watch.

"We are punctual to the minute," said he. "I hope those fellows won't be very late, or the best of the light will be gone."

There were some large flat blocks of stone lying by the roadside, and we sat down on them and waited. We were both smoking, and we found little to say to one another. For my part, I thought less of our coming encounter than of the success of the scheme which I had laid for Marie's safety. And I believe that the duke, on his part, gave equally small heed to the fight; for the smile of triumph or satisfaction flitted now and again across his face, called forth, I made no doubt, by the pleasant conviction which Mme. Delhasse had instilled into his mind and which had caused him to dub me a fool for risking my life in the service of a woman who had promised all he asked of her.

But the sun sank; the best of the light went; and the officers from Pontorson did not come. It was hard on six.

"If we fight tonight, we must fight now!" cried the duke suddenly. "What the plague has become of the fellows?"

"It's not too dark for me," said I.

"But it soon will be for me," he answered. "Come, are we to wait till tomorrow?"

"We'll wait till tomorrow," said I, "if you'll promise not to seek to see or speak to Mlle. Delhasse till tomorrow. Otherwise we'll fight tonight, seconds or no seconds, light or no light!"

I never understood perfectly the temper of the man, nor the sudden gusts of passion to which, at a word that chanced to touch him, he was subject. Such a storm caught him now, and he bounded up from where he sat, cursing me for an insolent fellow who dared to put him under terms—for a fool who flattered himself that all women loved him—and for many other things which it is not well to repeat. So that at last I said:

"Lead the way, then; you know the best place, I suppose."

Still muttering in fury, cursing now me, now the neglectful seconds, he strode rapidly on to the sands and led the way at a quick pace, walking nearly toward the setting sun. The land trended the least bit outward here, and the direction kept us well under the lee of a rough stone wall that fringed the sands on the landward side. Stunted bushes raised their heads above the wall, and the whole made a perfect screen. Thus we walked for some ten minutes with the sun in our eyes and the murmur of the sea in our ears. Then at a spot where the bushes rose highest the duke abruptly stopped, saying, "Here," and took the case of pistols out of his pocket. He examined the loading, handing each in turn to me. While this was being done neither of us spoke. Then he held them both out, the stocks toward me; and I took the one nearest to my hand. The duke laid the other down on the sands and motioned me to follow his example; and he took his handkerchief out of his pocket and wound it round his right hand, confining the fingers closely.

"Tie the knot, if you can," said he, holding out his hand thus bound.

"So far I am willing to trust you," said I; but he bowed ironically as he answered:

"It will be awkward enough anyhow for the one of us that chances to kill the other, seeing that we have no seconds or witnesses; but it would look too black against me, if my right hand were free while yours is in a sling. So pray, Mr. Aycon, do not insist on trusting me too much, but tie the knot if your wounded arm will let you."

Engrossed with my thoughts and my schemes, I had not dwelt on the danger to which he called my attention, and I admit that I hesitated.

"I have no wish to be called a murderer," said I. "Shall we not wait again for M. de Vieuville and his friend?"

"Curse them!" said he, fury in his eye again. "By Heavens, if I live, I'll have a word with them for playing me such a trick! The light is all but gone wno. Come, take your place. There is little choice."

"You mean to fight, then?"

"Not if you will leave me in peace; but if not——"

"Let us go back to the inn and fight tomorrow; and meanwhile things shall stand as they are," said I, repeating my offer, in the hope that he would now be more reasonable.

He looked at me sullenly; then his rage came again upon him, and he cried:

"Take your place; stand where you like, and, in God's name, be quick!" And he paused, and then added: "I cannot live another night——" And he broke off again, and finished by crying: "Quick! Are you ready?"

Seeing there was no help for it, I took up a position. No more words passed between us, but with a gesture he signed to me to move a little; and thus he adjusted our places till we were opposite one another, about two yards between us, and each presenting his side direct to the sun, so that its slanting rays troubled each of us equally, and that but little. Then he said:

"I will step back five paces, and you do the like. When we are at the distance, do you count slowly, 'One—two—three,' and at 'Three' we will fire."

I did not like having to count, but it was necessary that one of us should; and he, when I pressed him, would not. Therefore it was arranged as he said. And I began to step back, but for an instant he stayed me. He was calm now, and he spoke in quiet tones.

"Even now, if you will go!" said he. "For the girl is mine; and I think that, and not my life or death, is what you care about."

"The girl is not yours and never will be," said I. But then I remembered that, the seconds not having come, my scheme had gone astray, and that if he lived in strength, Marie would be well-nigh at his mercy. And on that I grew stern, and the desire for his blood came on me; and he, I think, saw it in my face, for he smiled, and without more turned and walked to his place. And I did the like; and we turned round again and stood facing one another.

All this time my pistol had hung in the fingers of my right hand. I took it now in my left and looked to it, and cried to the duke:

"Are you ready?"

And he answered easily:

"Yes, I'm ready."

Then I raised my arm and took my aim—and if the aim were not true on his heart, my hand and not my will deserves the praise of mercy—and I cried aloud:

"One!" and paused; and cried "Two!"

And as the word left my lips—before the final fatal "Three!" was so much as ready to my tongue—while I yet looked at the duke to see that I was not taking him unawares—loud and sharp two shots rang out at the same instant in the still air; I felt the whizz of a bullet, as it shaved my ear; and the duke, without a sound, fell forward on the sands, his pistol exploding as he fell.

After all we had our witnesses!

(To be Continued.)

SOME EARLY TRAVELERS.

Aelian, or Aellanus, who lived about A. D. 200-230, writes of a continent of immense dimensions, even without limits, situated beyond Europe, Asia, and Africa, so luxuriant as to produce animals of prodigious size, and he speaks of one city there containing more than a million inhabitants, having gold and silver in vast quantities.

Ilanno, who flourished when the Carthaginians were in their greatest prosperity, is believed to have been born 140 years before the founding of Rome, which would be about 800 years before our era. He was an officer of great enterprise, having sailed round and explored the coast of Africa. He set out from the Pillars of Hercules, now called the Straits of Gibraltar, and sailed westward 30 days. Hence it is inferred by many that he must have visited America, or some of its islands. He wrote a book, which he entitled "Periplus," giving an account of his voyages, which was translated and published about 1533, in the Greek language.

Many, and not without some good reasons, believe that an island or continent existed in the Atlantic Ocean about this period, which disappeared afterward. Diodorus Siculus says that some "Phenicians were cast upon a most fertile island opposite to Africa." Of this, he says, they kept the most studied secrecy, which was doubtless occasioned by their jealousy of the advantages the discovery might be to neighboring nations. This island lived about 100 years before the Christian era.

Islands lying west of Europe and Africa are certainly mentioned by Homer and Horace. They were called Atlantides, and were supposed to be about ten thousand furlongs from Africa. Here existed the poets' fabled Elysian fields. To quote again from Diodorus: "Toward Africa, and to the west of it is an immense island in the broad sea, many days' sail from Lybia. Its soil is very fertile, and its surface variegated with mountains and valleys. Its coasts are indented with many navigable rivers, and its fields are well cuitivated; delicious gardens, and various kinds of plants and trees." He finally sets it down as the finest country known, where the inhabitants have spacious dwellings, and everything in the greatest plenty. This account of Diodorus corresponds with that given of the Mexicans when first known to the Spaniards, and also compares equally as well with the Canaries.

DOCTORS' INCOMES.

The shrinking incomes of medical men furnish legitimate reasons for serious apprehension. It may be true that general economic conditions are somewhat responsible for the particularly noticeable impecuniosity of the profession at this time. Physicians rarely get their money until everyone else is paid, and when the grocer, butcher, florist and confectioner have to wait, how can the doctor expect any consideration? But that for at least five years the average medical income has been steadily decreasing is the disconcerting fact. To settle on any one cause, or group of causes, is impossible. A little thought, however, will certainly suggest, aside from the increase of doctors and the growth of new "schools," some modern features of medical practice as possible factors in a condition that is daily growing worse instead of better. Not the least prominent are lodge and club practice and the abuse of hospital charity. It is high time that the profession realized the growth of these evils and took active steps to avert the dangers that threaten.—American Medicine.

The Professor's Bees.

Philadelphia Record.

A colony of bees which for years has had its home at the country residence of Professor M. W. Black, principal of the Garfield school, at Eldorado, Blair county, but which mysteriously disappeared last April, have just as mysteriously returned to their old abode. The bees several years ago came to the Black residence and took up their abode in the empty space under the top floor of a two-story porch. Here they thrived and produced large quantities of honey. Last April the colony, which was said to be one of the largest in the country, suddenly left, no one knowing where they went. Wednesday, shortly before noon, Professor Black noticed a large number of bees swarming about his grounds, and, investigating, found that the bees had again occupied their old place and were busily engaged in gathering honey. He is at a loss to explain their mysterious absence since April.

COMMON SENSE

Leads most intelligent people to use only medicines of known composition. Therefore (it is that Dr. Pierce's medicines, the makers of which print every ingredient entering into them upon the bottle wrappers and attest its correctness under oath, are daily growing in favor. The composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines is open to everybody. Dr. Pierce being desirous of having the search light of investigation turned fully upon his formulæ, being confident that the better the composition of these medicines is known the more will their great curative merits be recognized. Being wholly made of the active medicinal principles extracted from native forest roots, by exact processes original with Dr. Pierce, and without the use of a drop of alcohol, triple-refined and chemically pure glycerine being used instead in extracting and preserving the curative virtues residing in the roots employed, these medicines are entirely free from the objection of doing harm by creating an appetite for either alcoholic beverages or habit-forming drugs. Examine the formula on their bottle wrappers—the same as sworn to by Dr. Pierce, and you will find that his "Golden Medical Discovery," the great, blood-purifier, stomach tonic and bowel regulator—the medicine which, while not recommended to cure consumption in its advanced stages (no medicine will do that) yet *does cure* all those catarrhal conditions of head and throat, weak stomach, torpid liver and bronchial troubles, weak lungs and hang-on-coughs, which, if neglected or badly treated lead up to and finally terminate in consumption.

Take the "Golden Medical Discovery" *in time* and it is not likely to disappoint you if only you give it a *thorough* and *fair* trial. Don't expect miracles. It won't do supernatural things. You must exercise your patience and persevere in its use for a reasonable length of time to get its full benefits. The ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's medicines are composed have the unqualified endorsement of scores of medical leaders—better than any amount of lay, or non-professional, testimonials. They are not given away to be experimented with but are sold by all dealers in medicines at reasonable prices.

The Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWERS.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some reader of the Farmstead columns tell me how to pack butter so it will keep sweet during the winter?—Mrs. H., White Hall, Va.

Will some experienced poultry man give a plan in Farmstead for building a hen house and scratching shed for about 75 or 100 hens?—M., De Haven, Va.

My young turkeys appear strong and healthy until what seems like a wart or sore appears about their eyes and bill. In some cases they become blind and cannot eat. I have lost a great many in this way. Can anybody tell me the cause and what to do for them? —J., Alline, Okla.

MAKING GOOD BUTTER

The washing of butter, says Prof. McKay, of the dairy department of the Iowa agricultural college, is a more important factor in butter making than is generally supposed, and adds:

The keeping qualities as well as the flavor can be seriously affected by undesirable bacteria being transmitted through the wash water. I believe the time is not far distant when all wash water will be pasteurized or sterilized. Take the question of color or mottles—thousands of dollars are lost annually by butter being mottled. This defect is caused by an uneven distribution of salt. Take three lots of butter from the same churning even where no artificial coloring has been added, salt one lot at the rate of a half ounce per pound, the second lot at an ounce and the third lot at one and one-half ounces, and the color will be so strikingly high in the last lot that it could not be mixed with the other lots without showing streaks. This is no doubt due to the fact that salt has an affinity for water. The tendency is for them to run together and form a solution. When salt is used the water collects in large beads, thus giving the butter a darker shade of color. Whenever you find light streaks in butter you will invariably find no salt; therefore, the first consideration in salting butter is to get good salt that will dissolve readily. The butter should not be drained very dry. It is better to use a little more salt if it is inclined to wash off some. Salt should always be put on the butter in the churn and the churn revolved a few times to thoroughly incorporate salt and butter before putting rollers in gear, thus retaining as much moisture in the butter as possible. Allow butter to stand from fifteen to twenty minutes before working in this condition and then work until butter has become waxy in appearance and salt ceases to be gritty. If these precautions are observed there will be no danger of mottles.

TREATMENT OF FOOT ROT.

Among the diseases with which sheep are afflicted is foot rot. It is generally caused by filth accumulating between the toes. Wet ground is one of the prime reasons of the malady. It results in lameness and often in the hoof dropping off.

The first thing to do in treating this disease, is to cause all the sheep, whether diseased or not, to walk through a shallow trough containing a solution of chloride of lime at the rate of one pound to twelve quarts of water. Instead of lime chloride solution a carbolic acid solution may be used at the rate of one pound of carbolic acid to four gallons of water. These solutions should be at least four inches deep. When this part of the treatment has been followed out the diseased part of the flock should be separated from the healthy part. The healthy animals should be placed in a clean lot and pasture. The diseased sheep should have all loosening horn tissue of their feet pared away and should then be made to stand in a strong blue vitriol solution for ten minutes. The solution should be just deep enough to cover the hoof. Three pounds of blue vitriol to five gallons of water is about the right strength for the solution. The sheep should not be allowed to lie down in this solution as it is injurious to the wool. This treatment must be repeated every few days whenever the disease shows signs of breaking out. The disease requires systematic and thorough treatment and great care must be taken.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

ADVICE ABOUT TURKEYS.

Experience has proven that it is better to set the turkey eggs under the chicken hen than under the turkey hen. Better results are obtained when the eggs are placed in the incubator than under either of the fowls named above.

Do not set the eggs too early in the spring. The little poult cannot stand much cold weather, and it is better to postpone the incubating so the birds will not hatch till the middle or latter part of May. Then, too, about that time of the year the crop of insects begins to multiply. This is an important thing in the production of turkeys, since the greater part of the bird's ration is made up of insects.

The young poults are very delicate and it is necessary to keep them in close confinement for three or four weeks after they have hatched. Most raisers advise keeping them with a hen rather than in an artificial brooder. This is good advice, especially if there is a little cold weather during the period of their tenderness.

It is essential to keep the mother free from vermin. One or two lice on the head of each poult will keep it puny for weeks after it should be strong and foraging for itself. Any of the common insect powders dusted on the wings and fluffy feathers of the mother will usually hold the number of lice in check.

Allow the poults, after they are six weeks of age, to roam at will, provided they do not go where there is danger. The turkey is naturally of a roving disposition and when this disposition is entered to the birds grow more rapidly than when they are kept in confinement.

ORCHARD NOTES.

Do not order trees too early in the fall. This is a great mistake made by many planters. It is imperative to wait until the frost has had a chance to nip off the leaves before you order them, because then they will be picked with sometimes even green leaves on them, giving you a worthless tree, though the nursery man will assure you to the contrary.

While it is best to let the frost strip off the leaves, it may be safely done by the nurseryman, providing they are dead enough, and have been sufficiently nipped by the frost to come off easily. It is by these leaves that you can generally tell whether your young trees are going to live. If the leaves are not in this condition, and they are yet half way fresh, the trees has about one chance in fifty of pulling through. The failure of small nursery trees that have been thus picked too early in the autumn for autumn planting is more likely if a hard winter ensues. With a mild winter, when the ground is frozen very little, a certain percentage of these early trees might withstand it and bloom out with sickly buds in the spring and nothing but sickly leaves in summer.

Another thing: Young trees especially should not be set at any time of the year when the soil is wet. In case this is done, however, you may redeem your mistake by not firming or pounding down the soil about the roots. Let it settle of its own accord and things may turn out all right. It is also a good plan to pile a mound of earth about the base of the tree, as this in a way wards off mice. In many cases and locations this also prevents heaving. If piled high enough it will also be a guard against rabbits. Newly planted trees when set out in the fall should have a wooden guard set about them to keep the rabbits from gnawing them away at the roots. If this is not done the next best thing is to pile up the earth girdles.

Another good idea in fall planting is to be sure to keep rubbish out of the orchard where the small trees are set. Mice often thrive in orchard rubbish and make short work of the young trees. It is their favorite food.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE FARMER'S COW.

If there is to be any such thing as middle ground as between the milking breeds and beef breeds of cattle in the realization of the type of cow suited to the general farmer's needs, it would seem that the milking type of Shorthorn would furnish the material for rounding out this type, to be known as the farmer's cow.

Twist matters as we may, the all-beef-and-no-surrender cow does not respond to the needs of the average farmer any more satisfactorily than does the cow bred and trained for milk and milk only. And this circumstance is at the bottom of the interest in Shorthorn circles of today, and it would seem that this unrest will not down to stay until there is developed within the Shorthorn breed a strain of cattle characterized by high milking qualities. The fact is this sort of thing is today under contemplation by the American Shorthorn Breeders' association, and by the classification in prize lists. The idea is thus to offer the incentive, and to accept it as a logical conclusion that Shorthorn breeders will line themselves up accordingly.

While it is true that the Shorthorn breed will show up a larger per cent of cows that are good milkers than may be found in other breeds, it will also be found true that the one way of making advancement in the line indicated must be through actual and systematic exercise of the milking function under direction of skilled hands. Special matings to this end are all right in their way, but this particular line of effort will have more weight as the undertaking progresses in years. Just now stress is to be put upon the selection of cows of the proper type and temperament, and showing a tendency to heavy milk production. That is the first step. The next step is to adopt a feeding ration that will produce a flow of milk rather than go to the production of beef. If the Shorthorn breed is ever to produce a distinct strain of milking cows worthy of the name it must come about through the adoption of methods as outlined above. It is not a matter to be accomplished through the simple process of mating or breeding, as the term is generally accepted in breeders' parlance.

The evolution of the farmer's cow may yet result from the foundation now being laid in Shorthorn circles looking to the improvement of milking qualities within the breed.—St. Louis Weekly Star.

SALT FOR COWS.

A supply of salt available whenever the cow wants it is necessary to maintain a high milk yield. Salt stimulates the appetite and assists digestion and assimilation, which causes the flow of the fluids of the body. Salting feeds for dairy cows once a week is not sufficient. It is a good plan to keep rock salt under shelter where the cows can get it at will and then feed loose salt once a week in such quantities as the cows will eat. Loose salt may be used exclusively if it can be sheltered from rain. Do not mix salt with feed, for frequently cows get more salt than they need, which will reduce the flow of milk. Cows having salt kept before them at all times in separate compartments will not eat too much.

PLANTING COWPEAS.

Thorough preparation of the soil before planting is as profitable for cowpeas as for any other crop, the greater the care in this respect, the greater the satisfaction and profit in the yield.

STRONG ONIONS.

Considerable care is necessary in storing onions through the winter without loss. They should be entirely free from dampness when put away. Store on scaffolds or in shallow bins, but never pile them.

CHINCH BUG HISTORY.

This insect passes the winter as an adult bug in bunches of native grasses, under leaves in woodlands and hedgerows, under the leaf sheaths of cornstalks, and under or in rubbish generally wherever he can find shelter. With the coming of the spring weather the chinch bug emerges from winter quarters and flies away over wheat, barley, and rye fields and grass lands. Here it settles to the ground, and thrusting its beak into the growing plants, feeds upon the flowing sap (after its long winter fast). Soon the female begins to deposit her eggs in cracks and crevices of the plants. It is said that a female may lay 500 eggs in a period of from ten days to two weeks. The eggs are oval, about three-one-hundredths of an inch long, pure white when laid, but changing to reddish as the hatching time approaches. In about two weeks from date of laying the eggs hatch and the orange yellow young crawl actively about, soon thrusting their tiny beaks into the tender part of the plants and feeding upon the sap. Soon after the eggs begin hatching adults, white eggs, reddish eggs, and orange yellow young may be found together in infected fields. On the failure of food through ripening of the grain, the bugs of all ages set out on foot to find succulent plants suited to their taste, generally moving toward the adjacent corn fields. In the corn fields they lay eggs for the generation that, reaching maturity before cold weather, passes the winter as already described. The chinch bug requires under normal out door conditions from fifty-seven to sixty days to pass from freshly laid eggs to adults, and produces two generations each year.

Owing to the favorable weather conditions and to the absence or presence of natural enemies, the chinch bug is sometimes present in devastating hordes and some times so rare as to do no appreciable damage. The period of abundant chinch bugs is always followed by a time when they are comparatively rare, and that in its turn by another period of abundance.

Last fall the great abundance of bugs and the serious nature of the damage reported indicated that a period of chinch bug trouble was at hand, and the reported injury to wheat and barley this spring has only served to strengthen the impression. The heavy rains occurring just at the hatching time, however destroyed many of the young. Parasitic fungi, thriving as they are under the unusual moisture and attacking both adults and young, are working toward the same end. Unfortunately, the present knowledge of chinch bug warfare shows there is no practicable method of destroying the bugs in the wheat save as nature herself, through the agency of slashing rains destroys the hatching young and encourages the growth of parasitic fungi on young and old.

A POLICEMAN'S LOT

May Be a Happy One After All.

An Ill. Ex-Chief of Police found an easy and safe way out of the ills caused by coffee. He says:

"I suffered intensely from heart trouble and nervousness for five years, and though treated by some of the best physicians in this city, did not get permanent relief until I changed from coffee to Postum.

"A friend of my family was visiting at our house and, seeing my condition, insisted that coffee was at the bottom of my trouble. I confess I was skeptical, but promised to try Postum in place of coffee.

"It was nearly three weeks before I noticed much of any change, as my case was a bad one. Then I saw that my nervousness was gradually disappearing. A little later I was able to sleep a part of the night on my left side, something I had been unable to do for 5 years at least.

"I kept on using Postum, and the result is, so far as heart trouble and nervousness are concerned, I am a well man.

"The best proof is that I am writing this with my own hand, a thing I was unable to do for several years prior to the change from coffee to Postum."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Cuba's Orange Crop.

New York Times.

One-half million crates is the most recent estimate of this year's orange crop in Cuba—the largest in the history of the island. Until a few years ago thousands of crates of oranges were brought to Cuba from Florida and California every year, but for the last three seasons these shipments have become less, and will possibly cease entirely within another year. Orange cultivation on a scientific scale did not begin in Cuba until about eight or nine years ago and may be considered in its infancy, but is progressing rapidly, and even at this early stage is now in position to supply the local markets. The orange business on the island is controlled almost entirely by Americans.

Fought Seals With Broom.

Los Angeles Dispatch to N. Y. Tribune.

Dr. W. A. Pratt, a physician, said to live in New York, had a desperate battle with hungry seals at Catalina Island yesterday, which nearly cost his life.

He had been fishing alone in an open boat, and sought to land on the island with his catch. Before he reached the wharf, however, half a dozen seals struggled furiously to climb into the boat, attracted by the smell of the fish.

Dr. Pratt had only a broomhandle to defend himself with. With this weapon he belabored the heads of the seals as they snapped at his legs and arms. For forty minutes the battle continued and the physician was practically on the verge of collapse when help came.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

FRIENDSHIPS INHERITED OBLIGATIONS.

Lesson for October 18 Is, "David's Kindness to Jonathan's Son." II. Sam. 9.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The older a nation the stronger its customs and the more involved its social code. That is why China is so perplexing to westerners. It is with nations as with individuals, the further they progress, the more complicated their relationships. In youth life seems very simple, and the young are prone to absolute statements; in age, the wise, who have seen somewhat of the perplexing interweavings of life, are more cautious. They know how responsibilities run on to the second and third generation, and out to unexpected persons and places. David the great found occupying a throne a different matter from herding sheep; he discovered obligations and complications undreamed of in his simpler existence on the Bethlehem hills.

One way of making short shrift of perplexities was in vogue in the orient. This unwritten law decreed that it was proper, as well as safe, to exterminate your enemies, root, trunk and branch, as soon as you had the power. By this method some oriental monarchs to this day make secure their thrones. When he had completely triumphed over Saul, and had become ruler of the united kingdom, it was expected that David would adopt this course. Saul had harried him almost to death; now why should he not repay the debt in kind? That would have been according to precedent; but there is often a higher wisdom than precedent.

A King and Some Dead Dogs.

We do not always perceive the distinguished origin of some common slang; here is the phrase "dead dog," as used to describe a person whose power has departed and who has no apparent future, proceeding from the mouth of King

WINCHESTER

CARTRIDGES

For Rifles, Revolvers and Pistols

Winchester cartridges in all calibers from .22 to .50, shoot where you aim when the trigger is pulled. They are always accurate, reliable and uniform. Shoot them and You'll Shoot Well.

Always Buy Winchester Make.

THE RED **W** BRAND

RITICISM WANING SAY BISHOPS

rchbishop Charles Scadding, Formerly of Toledo, Writes of Lambeth Conference, at Which Issues of the Day Were Discussed.

hat materialism and modern criti- m of the Bible have not today the wer which once they had, was the nsensus of opinion among the nu- rous church notables at the Lam- h conference, London, according Archbishop Charles Scadding, of rtland, Ore., formerly rector of ity church, Toledo, who has writ- The Blade about his impressions the gathering. Bishop Scadding tes as follows:

The Lambeth conference is a gather- of archbishops, bishops metropoli- and other bishops of the Catholic urch in full communion with the urch of England, held every ten rs at Lambeth Palace, London, un- the presidency of the Archbishop Canterbury. The bishops, 243 in mber, met daily in conference and k into consideration various ques- s affecting the welfare and the rk of the church in divers parts of world.

The Holy Eucharist was celebrated ily at Westminster Abbey, and the cussions commenced at 10:30 and ed till 5 p. m., with an hour for cheon. A buffet luncheon was ed daily in the large hall and ing room of Lambeth, and the hops were all guests of the arch- hop. These informal luncheons, h the palace gardens to stroll in erward, gave the bishops good op- tunities to inform themselves of ds other than their own, and to w each other personally.

Progressive Spirit Present.

From the first to the last day, the hops realized that the links which ind them to the historic past are fetters upon the free and enter- ing spirit which is essential to gress. The coming together of so ny bishops from all parts of the th emphasized the fact, stated more n once, that the church is not a re sect, but a world force; that it is a church for any particular sec- n, or race, or class of people, but the whole world and for mankind. he subjects proposed for consider- n were first brought before ses- s of the whole conference, lasting six full days. Having been there forth in outline, they were then re- red to large and carefully chosen mmittees; and the reports of these mmittees, with the resolutions which y had prepared, were subsequently d before the conference meeting in to consider them in full session m July 27 to August 5. Based on se reports and resolutions, an en- clical letter was prepared, and will n be printed for distribution, and ll be well worth reading by every ughtful person.

The sectarian spirit was distinctly ent, and the predominant thought the minds of the bishops was of the urch as ordained of God for the vice of mankind.

Marriage Problems Discussed.

The subjects under discussion were e Reunion of Christendom, Organ- tion in the Anglican Communion, e Moral Witness of the Church to e Problems of the Day, Ministries of ling, Religious Education, Supply d Training of the Clergy, Foreign ssions, The Faith and Modern ought, Marriage Problems, etc.

In the wide and far reaching discus- n on all these burning questions, re was not the slightest irritation expression of personal feeling. The hops spoke earnestly and from deep nviction, but with the tenderest con- deration for those with whom they ght not be able to agree. Never did e church seem so large and roomy d truly catholic to me as it did dur- the comprehensive and instructive tdates in which some of the great holars and intellectual giants of the nglish episcopate took part. Very markable and impressive was the e of mind which prevailed in all e meetings. There was no fairness heart in facing great questions, and narrowness of mind in dealing with em. The genuine wish to work to- ether swept away all thoughts of par- nship, and brought instead the lity of mutual understanding. nds and hearts were lifted high, and from the Mount of God men saw ions of service.

In the church's quickened sense of truth that only in the service of ankind can its calling be fulfilled, we, beyond all clouds of difficulty and erplexity, the clear shining of a great pe. For wherever men are living d need help, whether the need be anscious or unconscious, thither the urch of Christ who took on Him the rm of a servant is beckoned by the portunity of service.

Criticism of the Bible.

With regard to the materialistic irit of the age and the modern criti- m of the Bible, the bishops con- ded, after careful investigation, that aterialism has not today the power hich it had; that science displays in unprecedented way the witness of ture to the wisdom of God; that our ought and knowledge lead up to the e profound but simple truth of the ity of God and man which was re- aled in the Son of Man.

So the bishops testified to their be- f that nothing has shaken or can persede that revelation. The right- freedom of thought and criticism not "taken away the Lord." It not hidden from us the power of inspiring spirit in the Scriptures the Old Testament. It has not aken the interpretation of their aster and His work which His disci- es have left us by the power of the me spirit in the new. Rather we e things more clearly, and in better portion by the teaching of God rough the thought of later days.

Prayer Book Enrichment.

A high part of the service which Church of Christ has to render to e is to train and guide them in the rship of God, and in particular in blic or common worship. The grow- experience of the Anglican com- nion in different parts of the world among different races has pointed the necessity of the adaptation and richment of forms of service and worship which have come down to us from other times. Such adaptation and enrichment are advisable, and in- deed essential, if our church is to meet the real needs of living men and wo- men today. The bishops accordingly made certain practical suggestions in this direction.

Socialism Not Considered.

Socialism, as socialism, was not at all considered by the conference, but social interests were its constant pre- occupation. The bishops were glad to notice the growing recognition of so- cial responsibility on the part of an increasing number of men and wo- men who devote themselves to phil- anthropic, ethical and moral move- ments in poverty-stricken and con- gested districts of great cities. Not all such workers accept fully the claims of the Lord Jesus Christ, but the church welcomes them as wi- nesses to that ideal of life which the world owes to the teaching and In- spiration of our Lord, and which the church has but slowly realized.

It was felt by all that fearlessly to assist in the evolution of a junior or- ganization of society, by the exercise of her prophetic office, without tying herself to any partisan politics, is the paramount duty of the church of God.

Reunion of Christendom.

With regard to Christian unity the resolutions passed by the bishops may seem cold in comparison with the warmth of desires of many hearts. The conference indicated some lines of definite practical approach to other churches. Wherever the bishops were sure that an advance would be wel- comed they went far to meet their brethren. Where they felt it neces- sary to sound a note of warning they spoke the truth in love. Their state- ment reads: "We cannot in the name of peace, barter away those precious things of which we have been made the stewards. Neither can we wish others to be unfaithful to trusts which they hold no less sacred. We must fix our eyes on the church of the fu- ture to be adorned with all the precious things, both theirs and ours. We must constantly desire, not com- promise, but comprehension, not uni- formity, but unity."

Engish Hospitality.

The sixty American bishops were of one accord loud in their praise of the hospitality and courtesy of the Eng- lish people, and our presiding bishop has voiced our appreciation in the English and American papers. The king and queen received us at Buck- ingham palace, the Prince and Prin- cess of Wales gave a garden party, at which the king and queen were pres- ent. Ambassador Reid gave a recep- tion and several dinners. The Arch- bishop of Canterbury and Mrs. David- son entertained every American bishop and his wife or daughters, for three or four days at Lambeth palace, and the Bishop of London did the same at Fulham palace, and in many pri- vate homes, both in London and in the country, entertainment was lav- ishly provided. In addition to this Mrs. Scadding and I visited Canter- bury, Rochester, Lyminge, Graydon, Bexley, Dartford, Wimbledon, Leam- ington, Stratford-on-Avon, Bath, Shrewsbury, Liverpool and many other cities. In all these places we were delightfully entertained, and I preached or gave missionary ad- dresses. We motored for three days through Warwick and the Sheakes- peare country to Bath, and thence to London.

Beautiful English Roads.

How beautiful are the English roads and lanes. An American's first im- pression of England, when he motors past the high brick walls, with the broken glass on top, or the high hedges which enclose the English homes, is that the English are very cold and exclusive but let him go with proper introduction, and metaphori- cally, the walls and hedges fall down and genial feeling and hospitality of the heartiest walls him within.

At present out-of-door services are popular in England. At Shrewsbury I had the privilege of addressing about 12,000 persons in the park. This was an open air missionary service, and a brass band led the multitude in sing- ing hymns. On several occasions at the close of evening prayer, and after I had already preached in church, I joined the vicar and choir in an after service in the church yard, and preached again. All these parish churches and cathedrals were beauti- ful and historic, and filled by large congregations, and the people seemed greatly interested in hearing about the American church.

July 23 was observed by the bishops as a "quiet day," and was spent in silent prayer and in listening to de- votional addresses given by the Bishop of Calcutta. This day was most rest- ful and uplifting and renewed our hope and courage for our various problems. The closing service was held in St. Paul's cathedral August 6. The music of the service was superb, and the inspiring sermon by our own presiding bishop—Bishop Tuttle—fol- lowed by the few touching words of the Archbishop of Canterbury, made the occasion one never to be forgot- ten. The procession into the cathedral of the English bishops in their scarlet convocation robes, and the American bishops in their sombre black roch- ettes, was most imposing.

Immediately after the Lambeth con- ference we left for Liverpool, and August 7 sailed on the steamer Em- press of Ireland for Quebec. Our re- turn trip on the boat was restful and altogether delightful. We saw a ship on fire and stood by her until the fire was under control. We counted seven beautiful icebergs, anchored for a night in thick fog.

We crossed the continent through Toronto, Winnipeg, Banff and Vic- toria, and reached home August 25, thankful for the many privileges of the past month, and glad to settle down once more to diocesan duties in, I trust, a larger spirit, and with en- thusiasm to press forward in a com- prehensive movement for the exten- sion of Christ's kingdom in Oregon.

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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doc- trine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arith- metical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a ques- tion is of general interest to our read- ers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

ARTESIAN WELL.

Please tell me what an artesian well is? What makes the water flow out the top of the ground?—T. A. C., Kurtz, Ind.

An artesian well is a boring of con- siderable depth that taps a subterranean stream or sheet of water. Strictly speaking, the term artesian is only ap- plicable to such wells as discharge water at the surface under natural conditions, but in America the term applies to any wells of more than or- dinary depth. The conditions which de- termine the presence of artesian water in a region relate to the geological structure of the underlying strata. It is essential in the first place that a pervious stratum enclosed above and below by impervious layers be presen- ent. The pervious bed, usually sand- stone or sand, serves as a reservoir for the accumulation of water, while the impervious beds prevent this water from either escaping upward or down- ward. The second requisite is that the strata have a gentle pitch toward the site of the well and that they out- crop at some place above the mouth. The distance of the outcropping edges, which receive the water supply from rains, is sometimes very great, and is immaterial if the inclosing beds are perfectly impervious, as it modi- fies the resistance offered to the pas- sage of the water. Owing to this fric- tion the water column of the well nev- er reaches the level of the outcropping source. The conditions for artesian water are particularly favorable when the strata are arranged in the form of a geological basin dipping in all direc- tions towards the well, as there is then no opportunity for the water to escape at a lower level. From these consider- ations it is evident that the discharge from an artesian well depends upon the rainfall of the region and from the area of the exposed porous stratum. At first the discharge is usually very abundant owing to the long accumula- tion, and unless this drain is constant- ly supplied the flow will gradually de- crease until the balance is established.

LE SUEUR.

Please give a brief sketch of Le Sueur.—A. W., Swanton.

Jean Francois Le Sueur, the French composer, was born January 15, 1760, and died October 6, 1837. At the age of six he entered the musical school of the cathedral of Amiens, and after com- pleting his studies was made director of music in different cathedrals. In 1786 he became master in the church of Notre Dame. From 1788 he devoted his time altogether to theatrical mu- sic. Le Sueur also held the professor- ship of music in the National Institute for some time. In 1813 he became a member of the fourth class of the in- stitute, in 1814 composer to the king, and in 1817 professor of composition in the Conservatoire. His sacred music consists of 33 masses, and of oratorios and motets. He also wrote several works on musical subjects.

MONTAIGNE.

Will you please give a sketch of Montaigne?—T. E. P., Swanton, O.

Michel Eyquem de Montaigne, the French essayist, was born March 28, 1553, and died September 11, 1599. At the age of six he attended a college at Borderaux, where he stayed for seven years, apparently under the charge of the great classical scholars Buchanan and Muretus. At the age of 24 Mon- taigne was appointed counsellor to the Bordeaux parliament. For the next few years he was in several different courts. In 1562 he swore allegiance to the Catholic church; three years later he married Francoise de la Chassaigne, daughter of one of his fellow coun- sellors. By 1580 he had published the first two books of his essays. In 1580 his health failed him, compelling him to travel in order to regain it. Dur- ing his absence from France, and ap- parently against his will, he was elect- ed mayor of Bordeaux. He served two years and was re-elected for another two years. For the three years fol- lowing Montaigne revised his two books of essays and added a third. Professor Saintsury thinks that the nearest spiritual parallel to Montaigne in literature is Charles Lamb.

MYSTICISM.

Please tell me something about mysti- cism.—J. C. N., El Dodrado Springs, Mo.

Mysticism is the theory of knowledge put forth by the mystics. This theory re- lates principally to the knowledge of God and the capacity of the human soul to appreciate the existence and the nature of the Supreme Being, independent of an external revelation or authoritative teaching. But mysticism was more than a merely intellectual movement; it im- plied the knowledge of God through the feelings and affections, so as to bring about a union between the human soul and God, in which the human soul should lose its own self-consciousness of God's existence. On this side mysticism seems sometimes to lapse in the panthe- ism of Spinoza. We first find traces of mysticism in the first ages of Chris- tianity. The first systematic mystics arose in Egypt. Whether the old mysticism of pagan cults had passed away, monasti- cism and mysticism burst into flower, and every hermit cell became an oracle where the solitary looked into his own soul, saw God there, and spoke with Him face to face. The earliest mystics arose in the centuries when the controversies on the Trinity, especially on the nature of the second and third persons of the Trin- ity were being carried on. This revolt was a claim made by the human mind for liberty and independence. The soul asserted the right, as it had the power, to know and apprehend without the need of the church's authoritative definition. There are different classes of mysticism, such as Oriental mysticism, Neo-Platon- ism and Mohammedan mysticism.

FOREST PRESERVATION.

Please give same information about for- est preservation.—R. F. Athens, Pa.

In many of the state of the United States measures have been taken to pro- tect and preserve the forests. New York has purchased and set aside 1,500,000 acres for a forest reserve. Guards patrol the reserves to prevent theft of timber and to protect the forest against fire. Trees are being planted on the open places at the rate of 500,000 seedlings annually. Penn- sylvania has 700,000 acres of timber land set aside for reserves. A school for forest wardens has been established. All the mature timber is being removed from the Pennsylvania forests. Minnesota has a forest fire law. The fire warden in charged with the responsibility of sup- pressing fires. In Indiana private owners are encouraged by the state to plant trees. Many other states have set aside large tracts for forest reserves.

GOVERNMENT OF JERUSALEM

Please give the form of government Jerusalem was under during the life of Christ.—B. F. D., Des Moines, Ia.

Jerusalem was governed during the life of Christ by a procurator appointed by the Roman emperor. The procurator had full control over the province.

COMETS.

Since the comet question has come up in The Blade I would like to know the name of the comet of 1861. Also give the name of the comet that appeared in 1881. When will it appear again?—E. C. G., Aska, Ga.

The comet appearing in 1861 was known as the Great Comet of 1861. That ap- pearing in 1881 is periodic, appearing every 76 years. It is called the Faye comet.

WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY.

Please tell something about Wilberforce University.—J. W. H., Fountain Run, Ky.

Wilberforce University is an institution for the education of the colored race lo- cated at Wilberforce, a suburb of Xenia, Ohio. It was founded in 1856 under the auspices of the African Methodist Epis- copal church. It has several different departments, women being admitted to all of them. Students care for their own rooms. There are few rules for be- havior and government, but these are strictly enforced. The grounds and buildings are valued at over $155,000. The library contains 10,000 volumes. The students number 400, and the faculty 32. The president of the university is Joshua H. Jones, A. M., D. D.

BOX KITE.

Will The Blade please tell me how to make a box kite?—A. A. A., Clifford, Pa.

The materials required for a box kite are 4 sticks ¾ inch thick, ⅝ inch wide and 44 inches long for corner sticks; 2 sticks ¼ inch thick, ⅝ inch wide, and 15 inches long for short spreaders; 2 sticks ½ inch square by 38 inches long for long spreaders; 2 strips of cloth 81 inches long and hem- med at each edge to a width of 13 inches.

First you must whittle 12 cleats. At the ends of the 15-inch spreaders nail the cleats with long wire brads, to form forks in which two of the cor- ner sticks are held. The short spread- ers are then fastened to corner sticks 7 inches from the ends with brads driven through cleats. Soft stovepipe wire fastened diagonally from one cor- ner stick to the other will prevent the frame from skewing off sidewise. The spreaders must either meet the corner sticks squarely or at right angles. Sew together the ends of one of the cloth strips to form a band. The ends should be lapped and fastened with a sailor stitch. Do the same with the other strip. Mark each band at four points equidistant from each other. Tack the two bands to two ends of the frame with opposite pencil lines over the edges of the corner sticks. The other corner sticks are nailed to the bands at the other two pencil lines. Brace the corner sticks by the long spreaders which are notched to the right length to stretch the cloth taut. A cleat is nailed over each notch to form a fork to hold corner pieces The long spreaders are then forced down until they meet the short spread- ers, to which they are tied with a waxed string. The long spreaders may be nailed to the corner sticks by driv- ing the brads right through cloth into cleats and sticks. The belly band may be fastened to any one of the corner sticks at the spreaders and from the points where it is tied should measure about 45 inches in length. The point where the main string is attached to the belly band is best determined by experiment.

TAFT AND STANDARD OIL.

Will the editor of the Question Bureau please explain Taft's connec- tion with the offer of a bribe by the Standard Oil company to Monnett?—J. L. H., Fletcher, O.

Mr. Taft had no connection what- ever with the offer of any such bribe. He is as innocent as an unborn babe. There was nothing in the Monnett story to lead anybody with ordinary intelligence to believe that he had, or could have. The Bureau is not con- ducted for the discussion of political questions, but there are times when it seems a duty to straighten out some things. There is one thing brought out through Mr. Hearst's ex- pose of Standard Oil letters more prominently than all others, viz: Mr. Taft stands out in the open, con- spicuous, with clean hands, and of the purest motives and principles. He has had no connection whatever with Standard Oil business, neither closely nor remotely. Mr. Monnett was attor- ney general of Ohio and sought to prosecute the Standard Oil company. He was not removed from office, but as a candidate for renomination was defeated, it is said, through the in- fluence of Senator Foraker. Mr. Taft had no more to do with his defeat than did the Democrat who started the lie that he was responsible for it.

TRANSPARENT CEMENT.

Will you please tell how to cement two surfaces of transparent glass without in- furing their transparency?—H. J. S., Ran- kin, Ill.

The best cement for transparent glass is Canada balsam. If the balsam is too thick it should be thinned with a little turpentine, benzole or ether. It is of im- portance that no air bubbles be present. In order to cement together the two parts an achromatic lens (this consists of a double convex lens fitting exactly to the concavity of a plano-concave lens) having thoroughly cleaned the sur- faces to be brought in contact, lay the glass, previously made warm, on a table suitably covered to prevent the under surface from being scratched. By means of a peg of wood or otherwise convey a drop of the balsam to the center of the lens, and then gently lower down upon it the lens to be cemented to it, also previously made warm. Press down gently, and the dark disc in the center, indicative of optical contact, will rapidly increase in size. The balsam will finally will have become hard and dry. Remove the string and free the lens from all ex- ternal traces of the balsam by means of benzole or ether. By following the above directions, modified to suit the circum- stances, you will be able to cement opal pictures and varnish magic lantern slides.

THE CAT-OWL.

Will you kindly give a description of the cat-owl?—H. C. B., Limon, Col.

A cat-owl is so called because of its feline habits and cat-like face. The best known American cat-owl is the barred owl, one of the largest birds of its kind, large specimens reaching 24 inches in length. It has no ear-tufts, and the general color is whitish, everywhere transversely barred with deep umber brown, except upon the abdomen, where the stripes run lengthwise.

The cat-owl is not a nocturnal mi- gratory, and often nests very early in the spring. The owl has the reputation of being especially destructive of poultry, but in truth it lives mainly on mice, of which it devours vast numbers each sea- son, and hence is the benefactor rather than the marauder of the farm.

THE PIPE ORGAN.

Please give as much information as you can concerning the construction of the pipe organ. How is it supplied with air?—F. G. H., Warren, Ind.

The organ is divided interiorally in- to four parts—the great, the choir, the swell, and the pedal organ. Some in- struments have a fifth, or solo organ. The structural portions of an organ are: The apparatus for collecting and distributing the wind; the mechanism controlling the keys and stops; and the pipes. The force of sound neces- sary for blowing the organ is ascer- tained by the anemometer, or wind gauge, consisting of glass tube bent after the manner of that in a barometer the lower end being fixed into a socket, the other open to the atmosphere. Church organs without the pneumatic lever are usually voiced to a pressure of wind of from two and a half to three inches. The pedal stops, when supplied by a separate bellows, are usually voiced to a wind a quarter or half inch stronger than the above, which accelerates the speed, which im- proves the tone of the large pipes. The tendency, however, is constantly to- ward voicing instruments to higher pressures for the sake of the added sonority and brilliancy; and this is greatly facilitated by the pneumatic action, viz.: The wind, having been collected and compressed, is conveyed to the several main divisions of de- partments of the organ by means of wooden tubes called wind trunks and is received into the wind chest. The upper board of a wind chest is some- thing like a chess board, with a pipe set above each square. Each row of pipes from right to left is controlled by a stop, within reach of the per- former, and each row from front to back is controlled by a key. If there are 100 sounding stops, there will be from right to left 100 rows of pipes, with 100 perforated boards which slide under the pipes and admit or shut off the wind at the feet of the pipes. No pipe can speak until the drawing of a stop frees the holes at the bottom of the pipes, and a key being struck al- lows a supply of wind to rush in under the pipes. Each key controls its own separate air-tight compartment or wind reservoir in the wind chest, and each stop has one pipe over this compart- ment. In the case of mixture stops a cluster of several pipes takes the place of one pipe of an ordinary stop. Be- sides the stops and the keys for the hands to play, there are on organs of the larger class two octaves and a half of large keys placed under the per- former's feet, called pedals. There are also pedals and contrivances for mov- ing numbers of stops by one effort, and another pedal which opens and closes a box in which are the pipes of the swell organ. As this swell box opens, the sound is increased. There are also couplers for the different rows of keys. A coupler is an appliance by which one keyboard can be combined with another, or the same clavier can be united to itself in the octave above or below. The sound from each key as controlled by stops varies not only in quality but in pitch. If the stops drawn be a simple diapason, the sound with each key can give is the same in pitch as that obtained from a key occupying a similar position on the keyboard of a piano. If the stop be a double diapason, a tone is given an octave lower than that from a key in a plano keyboard. If the stop is called a principal, the note is an octave higher; if a fifteenth, two octaves higher; and if a mixture, a chord of several notes is given. Thus, by putting one finger on an organ key and by drawing six stops, several octaves of notes and a chord can be made to sound. In large organs of 100 stops, more than 100 notes are played by simply pressing one key. When a single key is held and 100 stops are drawn the ear cannot detect the octaves. Pipes are made of metal and wood. The chief varieties of metal pipes, as regard forms, are the cylindrical, conical, conical surmount- ed by a bell, while wood pipes are divided into four-sided, three-sided, cylindrical, pyramidal, and inverted pyramidal pipes. All pipes may be divided into two classes, flue pipes and reed pipes. Flue pipes are such as have an oblong opening, called the mouth, at the junction of that body with the foot of the pipe, bounded above and below by two edges called lips. These pipes are made to sound by the wind first passing through a narrow fissure called a flue or wind way, and they depend chiefly on the length or shortness of their bodies for the gravity or acuteness of the sound they produce. Reed or tongue pipes are, on the contrary, those which are made to sound through the medium of a mouth-piece furnished with an elas- tic plate of metal. Reed pipes do not depend on the length of the tube of the pipe but on the size of the mouth- piece and vibrations of the tongue for the gravity or acuteness of the sound. Organ pipes vary in size from a length of three-fourths of an inch to one of 32 feet.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Please give a history of the Roman Catholic church.—R. M. C., Jerry's Run, West Virginia.

The career of the Roman Catholic church in the United States commenced in the winter of 1633, when Lord Balti- more landed with a number of immi- grants near the mouth of the Potomac, in Maryland. He had obtained a charter of the colony of Maryland from Charles I. with the avowed intention of colonizing a new province, of which his brother, Lord Calvert, was to be made governor. The great majority of immigrants who accompanied these noblemen were Roman Catholics. The first act of the governor after landing was to erect a cross upon the shore. The religious services of the Catholic church in Maryland began March 23, 1634, when the first mass was celebrat- ed on St. Clement's island, in the Pото- mac river. While the Roman Catholic church was taking firm root in Maryland, her doctrines and worship were being gradually introduced in various places throughout the original thirteen states and elsewhere on the American continent. From 1634 to 1687 Catholic missionary priests, chiefly Jesuits, were traveling the immense region between Canada and the present site of New Orleans. A Jesuit, Claude Allonez, explored the then un- known southern shores of Lake Superior. Another Jesuit, Marquette, discovered the mouth of the Missouri river. A third, Monan, preached along the Mohawk In- dians. Other members of the same order missionated among the Onondagas, Onei- das, Senecas and the Miamis. During a hundred years thr quiet and gradual pro- cess continued. Meanwhile Catholics were emigrating into the various states from all the countries of Europe, and Catholic churches, generally small in the beginning, were erected, which were sup- plied and visited by missionary priests as often as they were able, who thus admin- istered the rites and kept up the celebra- tion of the services of the church.

The Roman Catholic religion is pre- eminently a ritual one. Forms and cere- monies occupy a prominent place in her public worship and her private religious usages. Since the council of Trent, which commenced its sittings in 1545, no change whatever, either in doctrine, or in gov- ernment, or in ritual, has been intro- duced. The Decreta of that memorable assemblage fossilized the church, so that no change will ever again occur in any- thing that concerns her, except it be in violation of her wishes, and by persons hostile to her real genius. The only al- teration which has been made during three centuries in the doctrinal system, or credenda of the church, has been ac- knowledgment and proclamation of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, which has been promulgated as a dogma as one of the established principles of true faith. In every system of re- ligious belief the doctrine concerning God, the Supreme Being lies at the foundation of all the rest. The existence of God, then His attributes, then His works, and then His providence, are the first and fundamental points which are discussed, determined and adopted. Thus it is in regard to the doctrinal system of the Romish church. The first point is that concerning God (De Deo), and on this subject she teaches what Protestants term the orthodox view of the divine na- ture and being. She believes that God is self-existent, eternal, supreme, infinite in wisdom, goodness, justice, immutable, omnipresent and omnipotent. At the same time she teaches that while there is but one true God, that single being is com- posed of three separate and divine per- sons—the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost—who exist together in a mysterious and inexplicable manner, constituting one single essence, yet composed of three divine and separate functions. She teaches that the second person in the Trinity, the Son, proceeds by an eternal procession from the Father, and that the Holy Spirit, the third person in the Trin- ity, proceeds by an equally eternal procession from both the Father and Son. She teaches that the Son descended from heaven to earth, assumed human nature in conjunction with the nature of the In- finite; that He taught, suffered on the cross, and died for human guilt in order to avert the vengeance of God, incurred by the fall of Adams, by man's in- herited and original sin, and by his actual and habitual rebellion against the divine law. The Catholic church teaches that the Holy Spirit is the "Comforter" promised by Christ to His disciples; and that the Spirit is sent by the Father into the hearts of the faithful. Next in dignity to the God- head, in the Catholic system, is the Virgin Mary. Innumerable prayers are offered to her, and she is invoked in all parts of the world at the same time. Hence we can infer that she is sup- posed to possess the attribute of omni- presence; else it were vain to pray to her in more places than one at the same time. But omnipresence is an attribute which belongs to God alone; and, therefore, the ascription of it to the Virgin Mary seems like the ascrip- tion to her of a portion of the divinity. She is called, moreover, "the mother of God;" and those who make objection to this title are answered thus: "Mary was the mother of Christ, was she not?" "Yes." "Christ was God, was He not?" "Yes." "Then, surely, Mary is the mother of God." But the obvious reply to the reasoning is that Mary was the mother only of Christ's human nature, and, therefore, even though Christ were God, the union of a human and divine nature in Christ did not ex- tend the maternity of Mary to both natures. It would be utterly impos- sible, for many reasons, for Mary to have been the mother of Christ's divine nature; because no finite being can give existence to an infinite human be- ing, any more than a pint measure can possibly hold a quart. Moreover, the Catholic church teaches that Christ, as God, created all things; hence he cre- ated Mary; and if Mary was the mother of His divine nature she actually gave birth to the same omnipotent being who created her; and therefore Mary is not, and cannot be, the mother of God; she is simply the mother of Christ Jesus. Recently the Catholic church, by her highest authorities, has decreed the Immaculate Conception of the Vir- gin Mary, and this doctrine is now a portion of the belief of the church. The inspired authority of the Scripture is one of the leading tenets of the Catholic church; yet she contends that, though inspired, the Scriptures are in themselves insufficient, incomplete and defective; and that the aid of tradition is necessary in order to constitute the whole sum of Christian truth and doc- trine. By tradition is meant, the oral teachings and sayings of the apostles. The chief arguments used by Catholics in favor of tradition is, that by the use of Scripture all sects may establish their various and contradictory opin- ions; whereas, tradition is uniform and defends only those doctrines which are held and taught by the Catholic church. The doctrine of the Catholic church in reference to the church herself is pe- culiar. She believes in the external organization, the visible form, the out- ward crust of religion, which is termed the church, and that this immense prerogative and sanctity are conferred upon her as a separate and distinct unity, by Christ Himself. Roman Catholics believe the church entitled to absolute obedience from her members. She teaches matters of faith that she is infallible and cannot err. She has seven sacraments, while nearly all other sects have but two. The Catholic sacraments are: Baptism, Lord's Supper, Confirmation, Penance, Extreme Unction, Holy Order and Mat- rimony. Catholics believe that the bread or wafer, after being consecrated by the priest is the body, blood and divinity of Christ, and that, as there are at one single period of time myriads of consecrated wafers dis- tributed over various countries of the earth, the body of Christ is divided and subdivided into an infinite number of portions, while at the same time that body remains unmutilated in heaven. The Sacrament of Penance is connected with the duty of confession. Extreme Unction is administered to those about to die. Marriage is a sacrament; mean- ing thereby that when the ceremony by made to God which cannot be dis- solved. The invocation of saints is prominent in Catholic worship. She holds that, if friends on earth pray for those they love it is a reasonable in- ference that they would continue to do so hereafter in heaven.

Purgatory is an intermediate hell. In this their trivial sins are atoned for and they enter heaven.

Roman Catholic churches are more numerous than any single denomination of Protestant. Her members are in- creasing with wonderful rapidity. The spirit of the church is aggressive, and her aspirations for extensions never cease.

AEROLITES.

Please describe an aerolite; from whence do they come, if not from some other planet?—H. S. H., Shepton, Pa.

Aerolites, or meteoric stones, fire balls, and shooting stars, are now classed to- gether as being merely varieties of the same phenomenon. Aerolites which fall through the day have been observed to be projected from a small dark cloud, ac- companied by no thunder like thunder or the firing of cannon; at night they proceed from a fire ball which splits into frag- ments with a similar sound. It is be- lieved that the dark cloud that accom- panies the fall of aerolites by day would be lumps by night; and smoking, ex- ploding fire balls have sometimes been seen luminous even in the brightest of tropical daylight. The connection between aerolites and fire balls has thus been established. Fire balls, again, cannot be separated from shooting stars, the two phenomena being sometimes blended, and also being found to merge into one an- other, both with respect to the size of their disks, the emanation of sparks, and the velocities of their motion. There are numerous records and stories in all ages and countries, of the fall of stones from the skies; but until recent times they were treated by philosophers as instances of popular credulity and superstition. It was not until the beginning of the nine- teenth century that the fact was es- tablished beyond a doubt. According to Livy, a shower of stones fell on the Alban mount, not far from Rome, about 654 B. C. The fall of a great stone at Aegos- potami, on the Hellespont, about 467 B. C., is recorded in the Parian chronicle, and mentioned by Plutarch and Pliny. It was still shown in the days of Pliny (d. 79 A. D.), who describes it as the size of a wagon and of a burned color. In the year 1492 A. D. a ponderous stone, weighing 260 pounds, fell from the sky near the town of Ensisheim, in Alsace; part of it is said to be in the village church there; and one of those in the Smithsonian institution in Washington is said to have fallen in Mexico in 1500 A. D. An extraordinary shower of stones fell near L'Aigle, in Normandy, on April 26, 1803. As was quite natural, meteoric stones have always been regarded with religious veneration. At Emesa, in Syria, the sun was worshiped under the form of a black stone reported to have fallen from heaven. The Holy Kaaba of Mecca and the great stone of the pyramid of Cholula, in Mexico, have the same history. One constant characteristic of meteoric stones is the fused black crust, like varnish, with which the surface is coated. Their specific gravity ranges from 2 to 7 or 8 times that of water. As to their chemical composition the predominating element is iron, in a native or metallic state, gen- erally combined with a small portion of nickel. For the height and apparent diameter the actual diameter of the largest fire ball is estimated by Humboldt to vary from 500 to 28,000 feet; others allow a diameter of about a mile. Shooting stars are much smaller, their weight varying from 30 grains to 7 pounds. In most cases of luminous meteors a train of light many miles in length is left behind. One of the most remarkable facts con- nected with shooting stars is that certain appearances of them are periodic. On most occasions they are sporadic—that is, they appear singly, and traverse the sky in all directions; at other times they ap- pear in swarms of thousands, moving parallel; and these swarms are periodic, or recur on the same days of the year. Attention was first directed to this fact in North America between the 12th and 13th of November, in 1833. Between 1799 and 1834—two of the most brilliant mani- festations of the November stream on record—there elapsed 24 years, and the next brilliant appearances were in 1867 and '68. Many theories have been ad- vanced to account for them. They have been supposed to be the remains of some exploded world, shattered into fragments by some terrific explosion. Again, it has been believed that they were part of the original nebula, and somehow had failed to have collected and made into a planet. Some have believed them to be comets' tails; and many other ideas have been advanced to account for their presence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. G. H., Glenburn, N. D.: In 1877 the senate was Republican and the house Democratic.

M. D., Hersey, Mich.: See a lawyer for answer to your question.

J. K., West Unity, O.: The story you heard is false, Prof. Thompson being overcome with a fatal illness on one of the streets of Toledo.

M. E. G., Troy, O.: We cannot give a biography of Harry K. Thaw's mother.

W. A. H., Pampa, Tex.: The U. S. postoffice department is not self-sup- porting.

H. A., Hicks, N. Y.: We do not think a deserter is allowed to vote.

W. O. H., Greenville, Ill.: The "Cas- tle of Gloom" was finished September 3, 1908.

Who Was Jack Robinson?

The Gentlewoman.

Jack Robinson has long been a favor- ite synonym for rapidity of speech or action, but possibly few people who use the phrase are aware that Jack Robin- son was a real, live person. "As a poli- tician," says Lady Dorothy Nevill in her "Reminiscences," "John Robinson was a great favorite with George III His political career was long, for he was a member for Harwich during twenty- six years, being on one occasion bitterly attacked by Sheridan, who denouncing bribery and its instigators, replied to the cries of 'Name! Name!' by pointing to Robinson on the Treasury bench, ex- claiming at the same time, 'Yes, I could name him as soon as I could say Jack Robinson,' and thus originated the saying still current at the present day."

The WAY of a WOMAN

BY ELIZABETH DAYRES

"Now you come and get ready, Jack, and we'll go over to the park. It isn't much green there, since the dry spell, but the river's just like a streak of glass and there's red and yellow canna beds, to beat the band, and the dry leaves rustling make a sound like summer. Come on, Jack, it'll do your head good. I'll have the children ready in a jiffy, 'specially the baby, bes' um heart, he's the bestest child, yes um is," the woman said, snuggling the baby's satiny head in the hollow of her thin shoulder.

"'Tisn't many wives would be as good as I am after her man's drunk up all his money and us with the rent due and scarcely a mouthful to eat in the house, but I'm going to stand by you the best I can, in hopes that you'll brace up before it's too late. Of course I know it's because you're weak and easily led. You oughta remember your wife and children, Jack, you sure oughta."

There was a complaining tone in her voice which irritated Jack. He was suffering the consequences of too liberal potations taken the night before, and his usual sunny temper was storm cast.

"Rememberin' of you is what makes me do it," Jack said, bitterly. "You can't find fault with a man in my cir- cumstances if he gets discouraged when he don't know how long 'twill be before his wife and children 'll be homeless.'

"Discouraged, discouraged! I'm ashamed of you for not having more grit. Do I look cast down?" his wife demanded, her eyes, bright blue and undaunted, flashing the denial of her own question.

"You always did have grit, or else you wouldn't have married me," Jack answered meekly.

"Come on, let's hurry over to the park," Mollie returned, bustling about with her preparations

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1908.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

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About all a war is good for is to help the class in geography.

What right has a candidate for office to kiss a sweet, innocent baby?

The son-in-law of a president has to be mighty careful what he says.

That Balkan war would seem to be a good thing for any country to keep out of.

Turkey imported 6,000,000 pounds of soap last year. Turkey is getting there, all right.

Many a man finds that it is hard to keep his mouth shut during a political campaign.

Going dry is becoming a habit with Ohio counties, and it is hard to overcome a habit.

Doubtless both Orville and Wilbur feel that they would rather be Wright than President.

Parents should see that their young sons do not fall into the habit of voting for Bryan.

Some men seem to think that a campaign gives them a license to tell a whopper now and then.

Governor Haskell is taking up a collection for himself. Does he think he is a new kind of religion?

Walter Wellman, it seems, has postponed the discovery of the north pole on account of the campaign.

Neither Taft nor Bryan, when they met in Chicago, invited the other to be present at the inauguration.

Nobody has any faith in the predictions of the chairman of the campaign committee of the other political party.

Somebody is overlooking an opportunity by not putting a Governor Haskell nerve tonic on the market.

Young people should be reminded that celebrating a golden wedding in October, fifty years hence, will be a great joy.

President Roosevelt is not the sort of man who would hesitate to smash a tradition if it would help save the country.

Mr. Taft wants to continue his speaking tours right up to the close of the campaign. He finds it healthful exercise.

The millennium will come just as soon as all the paragraphers of the country join in singing the praises of Chancellor Day.

Mr. Taft covered six states in six days. He is destined to become known as the great swath-cutter of the year 1908.

There are times when Turkey seems to have more trouble than there are pigeonholes in the sultan's roll-top desk.

Any reports to the effect that Governor Harris is losing sleep over the possible result of the Ohio election are exaggerations.

"Women are such liars," says a St. Louis woman. Before saying that the average man would think twice and then not say it.

It is a sweetly solemn thought that six months from now we will begin to know how well we like Mr. Taft's administration.

President Roosevelt, in the act of going on the stump and smashing tradition, would put joy, snap and ginger into the campaign.

A rumor to the effect that Nick Longworth said something about his father-in-law will outlive almost any other kind of rumor.

An English inventor has a scheme for saving the workhorses a lot of labor. The best way to help the workhorses would be to invent humane drivers.

Mr. Bryan's remedies are like those of the doctor who says, "here is a prescription that will straighten you up—if it doesn't, come back and I'll give you something that will."

There is little doubt that Lincoln, Neb., would be willing to adopt Mr. Taft as a distinguished citizen, should he care to move to the town. However, he has other engagements.

For the enlightenment of persons who believe that women are usurping all the rights of man, we want to call attention to the Texas woman who was arrested and fined for breaking a stove lid over her husband's head.

A southern newspaper wants to know what has become of General Charles H. Grosvenor. We feel safe in predicting that all curiosity will be satisfied on the morning of November 4, when the general will jump up and declare "I told you so."

Says the Boston Globe: "If Mr. Taft is elected people will say Roosevelt did it. If he is defeated they will say Roosevelt did it." Under such circumstances it should be easy for admirers of Roosevelt to govern themselves accordingly.

Bailey, the short-spasm writer of the Houston Post, gets off this one, which is bad enough to reprint: "It takes one of the radiant and dimpled little pants-patching, sock-darning, hash-constructing brides of grand old Texas to rip a symphony out of a cooking stove."

RUINING THE KAISER.

The rattle of the tin pans of war in Europe is not without a touch of amusement. It is not all scare and tremble and accusation. Fun has entered into the campaign early, and if the excited Servians get a glimpse of what is going on they are very likely to turn their revolution into a holiday.

For now news comes from London that it has been determined upon to ruin the Kaiser. Russia, not yet recovered from her rude awakening in Manchuria, and torn with internal troubles, has the leading part in the plot. England, unhappy over its unemployed and the burden of the discredited consols, is party to the conspiracy. France comes in with a record for naval inefficiency and disaster and crushing taxes. Russia, Britain and France, with such aid as they may count upon from Turkey, plan the political annihilation of Emperor William.

When the small newsboy declares he will knock the block off the shoulders of his mate, the other comes back with the question, "What will I be doin' while you's a-doin' it all?" And so, perhaps more elegantly, the kaiser will remark something of the sort to his enemies. Whatever Wilhelm has demonstrated in the course of his reign nothing is more certain than that he can take care of himself. The attempt to belittle him in international programs has fallen flat. The kaiser has come in, whether the other powers liked it or not, and in the end obtained something of advantage to Germany. At the close of the Japanese war with China the kaiser was there with his scheme and had to be reckoned with. There was a little map all fixed up for Morocco in which the name of France was to appear as protector. Berlin was not consulted. So Wilhelm reached out and grabbed a hand in the game and, behold, he took all the tricks. The manner of diplomatic language of the kaiser may be somewhat uncouth, but it is nevertheless effective. He has a way of getting what he wants.

A plot to isolate Germany or to rob it of any share in the spoils in case of a division in the east will fall unless the conspirators can match him soldier for soldier, gun for gun, and coin for coin. The German empire is a true federation in many senses. It can think as a unit and work as one, advantages which not one of the countries against it can boast, Russia, France or Britain.

THE DECLINE OF FICTION.

According to The Washington Post the call for fiction in the public libraries of the capital has fallen off 65 per cent. The newspaper says that this decrease has been noted in many other cities.

Novel reading has gone through a great period of dissipation. It looked for a time as if public libraries were endowed and maintained for no other purpose than to supply fiction, the greater part of it worse than useless. It was discouraging to those who wished to see a marked improvement in the average of intellectuality because of the spread of libraries. But the tide has turned and heaven be praised for that.

The quality of the greater part of the fiction which has been coming from the presses of the publishers in the last few years has been markedly inferior. Novel readers became Chamberized, MacGrathicized and McCutcheonated until life, itself, to many, was a cross between a cake walk and a scene in the boudoir of her grace, the Princess of Wurtenberg, or other. A lot of the stuff which was advertised as historical—always clever in any case—had about as much history in it as one of General Sherwood's speeches has sincerity. And the rest of it was the froth of soapbark and wind which druggists sell in glasses.

If there is a reaction it is a thing to be blessed. Reading fiction of the type which usually wears a red binding is often very restful. If one cannot be amused by the characters there is at least amusement in wondering at the author who could write such drivel. But continued absorption of modern fiction has the effect of eating too much candy. It is bound to sicken in time. A demand for material more serious is in line with the more serious thought of Americans. Nearly everyone is coming to have special interest along certain lines and there is a need of literature which delivers information succinctly and clearly. The public libraries must supply the more expensive and elaborate works which readers cannot themselves afford to purchase.

When the bottom drops out of the Harold School of Fiction, there will be still room for the good and worthy style of novel—more room, perhaps. Then the libraries can use the discards for the purpose nature intended them—starting the furnace fires.

POOR SHOOTING.

Haskell, he who directs the destinies of Oklahoma, has been seeing red. His anger over the disclosures which have made the whole world see him as his native state of Ohio has seen him, has affected his eyesight. So very naturally he goes shooting up the wrong tree in the effort to bring down a White House squirrel. His very latest marksmanship is aimed at the interior department, Haskell charging that it put through a very scandalous deal known as the Foster oil lease and affecting the Indians of the Osage nation.

Investigation brings forth the facts of the case. The Foster blanket oil lease was engineered in the department of the interior at the time when Hoke Smith was in charge, the administration being that of Grover Cleveland. It was as bad as Governor Haskell makes it out to be. He was really mild in his description of it. But his aim was poor indeed. He brought down a man he hadn't in mind at all. The crime rests with a Democrat and a Democratic administration.

Moreover, it was under Secretary Hitchcock that the evil was righted. He made a ruling which started a wild howl in the Indian Territory where a lot of unprincipled oil explorers and promoters were making fortunes under the old lease to which Secretary Hoke Smith lent the light of his favor. The Osages were saved millions through the intervention of Mr. Hitchcock, and if Governor Haskell is interested in pepper sprinkled language it is recommended him to read the Hitchcock opinion.

The governor of Oklahoma should not go firing off shotguns of words so promiscuously. He might make his friend in Lincoln jump, or tear away the coattails of his defender in Louisville, who tearfully pronounces the late Democratic campaign treasurer a martyr.

THE WOES OF THE ARMY.

Politics and the United States army are having their hardest bout. These two old enemies have had many a tussle in the 132 years of the republic's life, but in all the record of the encounters there has never been such sullen, silent, fierce hatred between the combatants. It may prove a struggle to the death—to the death of politics, we are praying.

It is not generally understood that the tests which have been put upon the officers of the regular army are attempts to clean the service of inefficients. Since the close of the Spanish war the army is a regenerated institution. The old laziness is gone. No more may a man with a commission go through his little perfunctory routine of after breakfast duty and call it a day's work. He has to labor now, far harder than the enlisted man of the old days had to. An officer's tasks are those of men, not of idlers. The time he must give to his government far exceeds that which a civilian employe has to furnish. Between the hours of drilling, practice and target shooting, the officer, if he is relieved of other duty, has to give over leisure to study in order to maintain his position and prepare himself for examination for promotion. At the army schools the round of classes is something terrifying. Relieved of every obligation the young officers yet find themselves driven. The graduate schools are no places for the incompetents, and by the same token, it is thought that the army as a whole can spare them.

But the unworthy cannot be thrown out as any incapable man in civil life could be. There are yards and yards of red tape to be unwound first. Frequent examinations are held, but failure to pass them does not spell dismissal. It may not even mean retirement. The frequent physical tests are not complete ordeals, for one with mental shortcomings might still come out shining. And then enters politics. An officer called up for examination, if he thinks there is any chance of his failing to make good, employs every underground wire to escape retirement and the reduction in his income. The war department finds itself constantly besieged by a changing group of politicians interceding for their friends and relatives in the army. Influence is brought to bear on commanding officers. Finally, as in the notable case of a relative of a former senator of Maryland, vicious attacks are made upon the department on the floors of congress, and the President comes in for a greater part of the abuse.

Efficiency would seem quite as necessary in the army as elsewhere, but to obtain it the service must be whipsawed and belabored and lashed with words. It seems a high price to pay for capacity.

FOREST FIRES AND THE LAKES.

An incidental loss by forest fires, not recognized among the usually expected damages, was the heavy injuries to vessel owners and insurance men caused by the dense fogs of smoke which lay on the waters of the lakes for nearly a month.

According to a dispatch from Detroit the aggregate loss will amount to more than a million dollars. Thirty boats met with disaster in the course of fourteen days. Several of the steamers ran aground, others were sunk through collisions, and at least one was burned because of mishaps brought about by the haze.

Forest fires are almost inexcusable in a day so far advanced in civilization as ours. They are among the preventable evils. Most of them are started by the carelessness of some camper or hunter, or by a railroad company which permits locomotives to scatter sparks "whither the wind listeth." Every forest of any size should have a patrol system. Underbrush should be cleared out, and dead timber, fallen boughs and sawmill refuse carried beyond the point where they are likely to spread flames in case of fire. Carelessness starts the blaze, negligence permits it to be fanned into a resistless sheet of destruction.

The lake men and the insurance people have good reason to complain against the owners of timber land in the northwest. It is not impossible that they might make good any case brought against them. Such an attempt might help, at least, to force the establishment of staffs of foresters.

CAT-TAIL FLUFF.

"He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought."

Are you guilty? Have you been out in the woods and fields these sweet October days? Have you taken a day off and cut out for a time the confusion and turmoil of business and politics, where men strive one against another for some slight temporal advantage, and sought the country, where the cat-tail fluff fills the air?

These are the days for pensive moods in the fields and woods, when thoughts, tuned in a minor key, grow like evening clouds, soon to melt away in sweet and soothing twilight. The gentle breezes are scattering the seeds of a dying season, that there may come a glorious resurrection, and we are reminded that God is great and good and eternal—that Nature is going to sleep on a fluffy couch, to awake next year with a burst of gleaming joy and gladness.

Happy should be the man who can dig into the 'way-back-yonder of his memory and recall the days when he trudged along and whistled as he went for want of thought! They were the sweet-dream days of October, when peace and happiness thrilled his soul and lifted him above the mean and sordid things of life.

Would it not be worth while to take a day off and go out where the cat-tail fluff is flying?

EYESIGHT IMPROVING.

The ostrich, which symbolizes the liquor manufacturer, is taking its head from the sand. It is beginning to see. Some day soon, it is not impossible that it will realize its own foolish blindness to the state of things as they are. Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular, an important organ of the distillers, is reading the handwriting on the wall and translating it to its subscribers. Of the prohibition wave it writes:

The saloon has discredited personal liberty and has made it a term of reproach rather than something to conjure with. In the name of personal liberty saloons have been run in violation of law and decency until it looks now as if they are doomed to extinction, except in the larger cities. We do not mean that all saloons, or the majority of saloons, have been conducted in a disreputable manner, but we do mean that a sufficient percentage of such places have been badly conducted—that is, have been disorderly, have sold to intoxicated men, have sold to women and to minors, have conducted gambling adjuncts, have kept open after legal hours and on Sundays, etc., to create a battle sentiment that has crystallized into a war of extermination, and save in the larger places the saloon as a factor in society would seem to be doomed. We think the trade should stop kicking against the pricks. If the saloon cannot be successfuly defended—if the cry of personal liberty will not save it, then let it go and let the people decide how they want alcoholic beverages retailed in the localities in which they live.

It is trite to say that the liquor makers have brought the punishment on themselves—trite, because it is so obviously true. Mr. Hillenkamp, the Independents' candidate for the legislature, himself heartily in sympathy with the saloon interests, has condemned the brewers, his friends and backers, for the conditions brought about by liquor. He believes it due to what he terms "the prevailing disease to make money." Defiance of the law has been the code of the saloonkeepers, dodging it the business of the beer manufacturers. James Pilliod, in a letter published in The Blade last week, expressed the intention to circumvent the will of the people of Wood county, in case the county should go dry.

It is declared that saloons are going out of business at the rate of thirty a day. In the course of ten months groggeries have been driven from five states, making eight where the sale of intoxicants is totally forbidden. Since September 1, when the Rose law became effective, twenty-nine counties in Ohio have voted dry. Only one county where the option elections have been held has decided to permit the saloons to remain.

Greediness, violation of the rules of decency and this wormlike stupidity are bringing about the downfall of the saloons. Not all the million dollar corruption funds, or the political bargainings of all the Pilliods, can stay the progress of the broom.

TWO CENTS TO BRITAIN.

It is possible now to send a letter from Seattle to any point in England for two cents. The international agreement is counted upon to do much to make the grip of hands across the sea tighter and blood thicker than water than ever. The new service, saving thousands of dollars to the British born in this country and still more to the distributors of trade circulars and samples, comes at a time when it is much needed. Arms are held out to it on its entrance.

For ambassadors have been running very, very shy of material for banquet speeches. It is all very well to talk about the motherland and the Anglo-Saxon and the great affection between the nations, but some time ago the changes on these topics were all exhausted. The most versatile of our talkers have gone barren at the subject. For the last year or two they have feared they have not sufficiently paid for the dinners their bodies were stuffed with. There are limits to the themes in any text. A bell has only one tone and the most patient of statesmen will squirm if they hear it too often. So the slash in postage comes as a sending from the gods. It is good for a half dozen years of speeches, and properly conserved it might last for as many more.

Hail the cut-rate stamp! If there is any deficit we are sure Whitelaw Reid and James Bryce will be glad to make it up.

THE TAFT TOUR.

One of the most interesting phases of Mr. Taft's recent tour through the west has been his remarkable display of physical endurance. Except for a hoarseness, he has come out of the ordeal apparently as strong and as fresh as he was on the day he made the first speech of the journey.

The test which is put upon a candidate in one of these rear platform campaigns is little appreciated. The number of addresses made in a single day would try out the most leather-lunged of lawyers. Mr. Taft, in his tour, delivered as many as sixteen between sunrise and nightfall. There is actually no hour which the candidate can call his own. He often leaves a hall and jams a way through crowds as late as midnight and before dawn he is dressed and prepared to talk to a group of admirers which has waited for him throughout the night. Then there is the handshaking, a thing which becomes a torture after two or three days of the exercise. There are tricks about the game which save the muscles of the politician, but all of them fail when the candidate tries them upon a number of husky farmers or iron moulders. The strain is terrible if the tour is a long continued one, such as Mr. Bryan, tried and seasoned, loves to make.

Yet all who have come in personal contact with Mr. Taft have long known the extraordinary vitality of the man. He has been powerful from his youth. His college mates were familiar with his physical force and on the bench it was his practice for years to leap to the aid of colleagues when they began to show signs of overwork.

That strength of body qualifies one for the Presidency would be the most foolish of arguments. Still, the executive must have unusual vital force or he would early break down under the burden of the duties of his office. He must have strength not only for his work, but also sufficient to throw off the sense of his responsibilities when rest and recreation are imperative.

In Mr. Taft the country will have a President who is a powerful man both physically and mentally. That he is destined to become one of our strongest Presidents is clear to all who have come in contact with him.

CLOSING THE BUNGHOLE.

There can be no dispute as to the direction of the wind when a haystack gets caught in a hurricane. Even the brewers, blind and bullheaded as they are, even Judson Harmon, who declares that temperance is not an issue in this state, can read the trend of public opinion by the voting in the elections under the Rose local option laws.

If ever a corruption fund was needlessly raised it was that assessment levied on the saloonkeepers of Ohio, said to amount to $900,000, and with the brewery and distillery contributions making more than a million. The fights carried on in the thirty counties which have taken advantage of the statute have been time and trouble thrown away by the rum dealers, except in the case of one county which voted to retain two of its industries. The decisions of the thirty-one counties to free themselves of the obnoxious saloons and dives establish the position of the people of Ohio as regards the meddling of liquor in the politics of the state. The $900,000 pot has no influence whatever in purchasing the suffrages of Ohio voters. The $100,000 or more chipped in by the manufacturers will not bring them around. They cannot be corrupted with million-dollar treasuries, or with a hundred times that much. The brewers might as well make up their minds, and their candidate Judson Harmon with them, that this state intends to use its own best judgment as to what shall constitute decency. No flash of money, purchase of cheap politicians, or subsidizing of subsidizable newspapers, will obscure its views thereon.

One of the significant phases of the elections is that the saloonkeepers have had no dependable following. They have counted upon their patrons for support. Their customers they considered theirs, votes and souls. The actual number of ballots cast with the "wet" forces in some communities was less than the customers any one of the saloons could point out. Few men, however "liberal" in opinion, however fond of liquor, can stand for a pomaded bartender telling them how they shall mark their ballots. They revolt against the domination of whisky. And, too, there are few drinking men who are persistent drinkers, who desire alcoholics at all times. No one realizes the woes of slavery to liquor more than the inebriate. He jumps, as a drowning man does at straws, at the opportunity to banish alcohol and the tempter.

Temperance not an issue in this state? It is the most vital issue that has arisen in Ohio in a decade. The dust throwing of Harmon and his following and the political purchases of the brewers have failed for a moment to hide it.

This is truly a "campaign around a bunghole."

FROSTY MORNINGS.

Somewhere out in the country these frosty mornings, a boy is warming his bare feet in the spots where the cattle lay during the night. He is a boy with hopes and aspirations, and he is dreaming of the future. He is blithe, but he does not appreciate the sweet pleasures of the simple life which are his. He cannot know that in town there are thousands of men who are thrilled with the memory of the frosty mornings when they stood in the warm spots of the pasture field, as he is doing, and dreamed, as he is dreaming. They are men who have met with more or less success; they are accounted among those who have accomplished a purpose, and yet they would give a great deal of what success has come to them to be again a barefoot boy on these crisp, frosty mornings.

How many of us can recall the warm spots of boyhood, and look back on the purple mornings of our hopes and aspirations without a sigh for another taste of the sweet simplicities of life? In those days the world, from our circumscribed surroundings, looked so big and grand that the simple little things were forgotten during the mind's efforts to grasp the incomprehensible, which lay just beyond reach; and we imagine we could do much better and get more joy out of life if we had all of our frosty mornings to live over. But could we?

Nature does not change. Boys grow into men and men change, but the simple joys of the woods and fields, the hills and valleys, the trees and flowers, live on from year to year. We see the warm spots of the frosty mornings of 'way back yonder, preserved and sweetened by memory, and grow unmindful of the fact that Nature's fascinating pleasures are inexhaustible, if we but keep our hearts in tune.

THE EXORCISM.

Tradition, the Democratic papers declare, absolutely forbids the President taking the stump in support of the candidacy of Mr. Taft.

This law of tradition was made to be broken. It is a statute to deride and joke about and fling mud upon unless, as in this instance, an exorcism is demanded to quiet disturbing spirits. Then is brought forth the tom-tom, the sackbut and the bass drum and the snake dance proceeds merrily about the monument of tradition.

It was once tradition that old women were witches and should be burned.

It was a tradition in England that anyone who stole goods to a value exceeding eighteen pence was deserving of hanging.

It was a tradition that the mandrake shrieked when the root was pulled from the earth.

Tradition demanded that no colony should manufacture its own articles.

There was tradition that slavery was a righteous institution.

Once it was the tradition that no candidate for the Presidency ought to raise his voice to aid his cause.

There is a place for tradition. It ought to be wrapped in lavender and myrrh and be put away to be gazed upon fondly as a curiosity like a child's picture book, outgrown, outworn. It is a thing too frail to live in a workaday world.

THE TIME TO BUILD.

Country Life in America has been looking up the building situation and as a result declares that there has not been such another chance in years for people to build cheaply and well. The prices of material have fallen so, contractors are so anxious to obtain work, and labor is so ready to jump at the chance of assured wages, that a saving of from ten to twenty per cent in cost, depending on the section of the country, can be made in all domestic architecture.

In spite of the fact that the panic has nearly worn itself out and that conditions are daily improving in business, the opportunities for saving in building are better than they were last January, when the depression was about at its worst. The rock bottom has been struck. The reaction will set in before next spring. Lumber is lower now than it will probably ever be again. Brick is almost a drug on the market. Good workmen are not yet busy and are not hard to find. In some localities, according to the magazine, the conditions are so improved for the person about to erect a home that he can do thirty to forty per cent better than in 1907. However, these extremes are unusual and occur in only a few sections.

The American Lumberman declares that prices are from twenty to twenty-five per cent lower on lumber in the west and south than they will be in a month or two when "the election is over and our troubles are pretty much behind us."

Brick is twenty-five per cent under last year's schedules. Grades which brought $7 and $8 in New York in October, 1907, are selling at $4.50 and $5 a thousand now. Common brick was quoted in Chicago for $5.10 to $5.25 in 1907. The prices run $3.50 to $3.75 there today.

The saving on domestic cement in Chicago is 34.6 per cent, and in New York about thirty per cent.

Plumbing rates are down about twenty-five per cent from the figures of the first of the year.

Hardware for domestic purposes is about twenty per cent cheaper.

So it goes throughout the list of materials. From New York and Chicago prices the Toledoan can get a fair idea of the opportunities for erecting homes at saving here.

Now is the time to build.

LABOR AND CONSUMPTION.

At the Tuberculosis Congress in Washington Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, indicated some of the efforts made by organized labor to prevent the spread of consumption. In the course of his lecture, which considered in detail the fight made on sweatshops and the presence of child laborers in the factories, Mr. Gompers offered a series of suggestions, all intended to reduce the death rate of consumption and the discouragement of the disease among the poor. Some of them are:

Encouragement by employers to employes to live more in the fresh air and take more bodily exercise; more correct ways of living, including a diminution in the use of alcoholic stimulants; total elimination of the workshop system; the common granting of one day's rest in seven; the establishment of the Saturday half holiday; large, open spaces in cities; co-operation of employers with employes for the bettering of the industrial and social conditions of the latter; one-half fares to wage earners to and from work; rigid and universal enforcement of child labor laws.

The broadening of the field of the Federation of Labor to improving the sanitary conditions of union members and to overseeing the health of its people is a work which cannot be commended too highly. It will do much to strengthen organized labor and to unite it the more closely. It is within the power of the unions, because of their close-knit comradeship, to combat disease far more effectively than those without their ranks.

ALLIANCES.

While Europe talks war and trembles at the thought of the possibilities of sounding arms, how splendid is the isolation of America! Three-quarters of the entire globe might fall out, armies go a-marching and guns go a-booming and ambulances go a-racing for the hospitals, and yet the average American would be less affected by the conflicts than he is about the scores of the baseball leagues.

The wisdom of the first President, who warned against entangling alliances, was never more clear than it is today. Austria and Bulgaria have torn up the treaty of Berlin. France and Italy and Turkey and England are asking why there should be such things as international conferences and agreements if they are to result in nothing else but coups on the part of those who have no consciences about the plighted word. Had it been the custom of the United States to permit itself to figure largely in such treaties, there had been a dozen threats of becoming involved in war in the last quarter century. As it is, we can look upon the squabbles interestedly and figure on the gains from the sales of foodstuffs.

From time to time there comes forth an insistence on the part of certain statesmen and a part of the press for the formation of alliances. The uselessness of such unions has been demonstrated over and over. It was suggested that we join with England in a great Anglo-Saxon confederation. It had its little bright hour or two and then went out. Only recently, when the jingo talk in Japan was the loudest it was suggested that we enter into an arrangement of the sort with China, the argument being advanced that something of the kind was necessary if we were to give the Philippines the protection that they required. Now that the noise has dwindled to a few faint sounds from such beings as the overpatriotic Hobson, it is very evident that a treaty with China, with a military clause attached, would be worse than a piece of foolishness.

Let us let the world chatter away at its war business and rest content with our incomparable isolation. Our neighbor to the north is too much a part of us ever to be dreaded, and on the south we have a nation which needs us too much to quarrel.

Mr. Washington was a far-sighted man, for one bred to an army life, strangely shrewd and unimpulsive in state affairs. His words are as fitting in this day and generation as in his own. We are better off a thousand times without the "entangling alliances."

A Lullaby.

The sunbeams are kissing each other goodnight;
Hush thee, my little one, hush.
The flowers are closing their peepers up tight;
Hush thee, my little one, hush.
Now draw close the shutters across thy blue eyes;
The loved queen of Nodland awaits her sweet prize.
And fairies stand ready to carry thee o'er
The meadows that stretch to the far, silent shore.
Hush thee, my little one, hush.

The golden head nestles on mother's warm breast;
Baby is almost asleep.
A wee little bird flutters home to its nest;
Baby is almost asleep.
How gently, how fast, fall the deep twilight shades
O'er sea and o'er land, o'er hills and o'er glades!
How softly the moon sheds its silvery beams
On slumberland's walls and its cities of dreams!
Baby is fast, fast asleep.

—Amy Churchill in September Lippincott's.

THE EDGE OF THINGS

In one of the New York public schools a teacher was explaining the word "recuperate" to the class.

"Bobby," she asked, "suppose your papa worked very hard all day, he would be tired and worn out, wouldn't he?"

"Yes, miss."

"Then, when night comes and his work is over for the day, what does he do?"

"Ah," replied Bobby, "that's what mother wants to know."

In Boston the Symphony concerts are viewed in the light of sacred ceremonials. In this connection the story is told of two little girls of a certain family who returned from the Music Hall, "in a frame of mind." One of them carried an expression of deep scorn; the other an air of great dejection.

"What is the matter, girls?" asked some member of the household. "Was the concert fine?"

"The concert was all right," responded Eleanor. "The trouble was with Mary. She disgraced herself."

"Disgraced herself?"

"Yes; she sneezed in the middle of the symphony."

Several good stories are related by Mr. Sigismund Goetz. He once painted his own portrait. "I designed it as a birthday surprise for my mother, but one day left it exposed in the studio, instead of, as usual, covered up. Of course, my mother chose that very afternoon to call, and equally of course, she 'spotted' the portrait. 'Who is that?' she said. 'Oh, a man I've been painting,' I replied, instantly feeling several sizes smaller, a shrinkage which continued almost to vanishing point when my mother, after another look at the picture, said, severely, 'Why do you waste your time on such uninteresting people?' "

The dean of a normal college, in a talk before the student body, was deploring the practice common among children of getting help in their lessons, and the tendency among parents to give it too generously. As an illustration he told the following incident:

The mother of a small pupil in a Chicago school had struggled through the problems assigned for the child's next lesson, and had finally obtained what appeared to be satisfactory results. The next day, when the little girl returned from school, the mother inquired, with some curiosity:

"Were your problems correct, dear?"

"No, mamma," replied the child. "They were all wrong."

"All wrong?" repeated the amazed parent. "Oh, I'm so sorry."

"Well, mamma, you don't need to be sorry," was the reply. "All the other mammas had theirs wrong, too."

The grand review of 10,000 members of the Boys' Brigade, recently held in Glasgow, recalls a story of a similar event which took place in the same city a few years, says London Tit-Bits. Lord Roberts had promised to inspect the brigade battalions, but at the last moment was prevented by illness. A local officer was secured to fill his place, and in selling tickets for the inspection it was thought only fair to let purchasers know that the distinguished field marshal would not be present One small brigade boy came up and asked for two tickets for his father and mother. The clerk said, "Do your father and mother know that Lord Roberts is not to be present?" To which the boy replied, with a look of self-confidence, "It's no Lord Roberts they're comin' to see—it's me."

"Bishop Potter was a wonderfully effective preacher," said a Brooklyn clergyman. "His method was reserved and quiet. He always had himself well in hand.

"I once delivered a sermon before him. I was young and enthusiastic at the time, a disciple of the methods of Talmage. I let myself go in that sermon. My voice shook the church. My gestures shook the pulpit.

"At luncheon, afterward, I am ashamed to say that I fished for compliments. I leaned over the Bishop and asked him in a low voice to give me some advice on preaching.

"Dear knows what I expected him to reply—probably that I was beyond any advice from him. At any rate, what he did reply was this:

"'My dear young friend, never mistake, in the pulpit, perspiration for inspiration!'"

"Fellow I knew," said Joe Ryan, Chicago, "went into a restaurant, according to the Saturady Evening Post, one day and said: 'Walter, what kind of fish have you?'

"'Oh, said the waiter, 'all kinds—whitefish, bluefish, graylings, sea bass, weakfish, kingfish, perch—'

"'Pshaw!' yawned the customer, 'cut that out. I'm tired of those common fishes. Ain't you got some new kind of fish, some kind I never ate before?'

"'Well,' said the waiter, 'the whiffletits is very fine this morning.'

"'What in thunder is a whiffletit?'

"'Why, don't a fish sharp like you know what a whiffletit is? Common enough here. You see, the whiffletit lives only in circular lakes. You go out and find a circular lake and hire a boat. Then you row out all alone to the middle of the lake, about a mile or so, and anchor. Then you take an augur and bore a hole in the water and bait it by putting a piece of cheese on the edge of the hole. The whiffletit comes up to get the cheese, eats it, and it makes him swell up so he can't get back down the hole.'

"'Well,' said the customer, breathlessly, 'what then?'

"'Why,' said the waiter, as he filled a glass with water, 'you lean over the side of the boat and laugh the whiffletit to death. Want a few?'"

When James G. Blaine was secretary of state and Lord Pauncefote was minister from England—that was before the ambassadorial days—there was a delicate question in discussion between the two countries, says Saturday Evening Post.

Mr. Blaine had the worst of the argument, and he decided to try a good American bluff on Lord Pauncefote. On the day set for a final interview, before Lord Pauncefote arrived at the state department, Mr. Blaine had a clerk place about twenty law books in a pile on his desk.

Pauncefote came in. They discussed the question. Mr. Blaine, apparently, grew very angry and delivered himself vehemently, with many gestures. At the climax of his remarks he shouted: "No! No! No!" threw his arm around and knocked the law books to the floor, where they fell with a great crash. Lord Pauncefote, a gentle soul, was alarmed and rushed home to cable to his country of the tremendous anger of the United States over the proposition. He advised abeyance, which was what Blaine wanted.

Later, Mr. Blaine had to have a conference with Minister Mendoza, the Brazilian. The law book bluff had worked so well that he determined to try it on Mendoza. The Brazilian came. The discussion grew animated. Suddenly Blaine rose, shouted "No!" and swept the law books to the floor.

Mendoza sat undisturbed. Blaine looked at him curiously. "Ah, Mr. Secretary," said Mendoza, "that is not worthy of your versatility. You should have thrown over a wardrobe for me. You worked the books on Pauncefote, you know."

Pauncefote had told.

Varieties

Australian mines employ 120,000 men.

The average height of the Laplander is less than five feet.

Sixty languages are in everyday use in Freetown, Sierra Leone.

The postal business of the world is increasing 7 per cent per annum.

Detroit wins the American League championship by defeating the White Sox 7 to 0.

Wheat rust is limited to no section or grade of grain, but is encountered all the world over.

The world's wool record is held by Australia, with Argentine second and the United States third.

Dowager Queen Margherita of Italy witnesses Wright aeroplane test and afterward congratulates inventor.

England's turbine fleet already includes 62 warships and 44 vessels of the merchant marine.

Russia increases the estimate for her new battleships by one-third to secure greater speed and better armament.

Spain exports at least $3,000,000 worth of olive oil a year, and in years of large crops twice that amount.

In Australian cities the police are now empowered to enter private dwellings in which they suspect gambling.

Chicago wins the third successive National League pennant by defeating New York in the deciding game by a score of 4 to 2.

Democratic national committee needs money so badly that it is paying campaign solicitors 15 per cent for securing contributions.

It is stated that a considerable portion of London's petrol motor-omnibuses are to be changed to an improved system of steam traction.

Witnesses before New York investigating committee say the city was overcharged from 200 to 1,200 per cent more for supplies than private concerns pay.

That one-fourth of Alaska is a coal field is announced at Washington by Alfred H. Brooks, chief geologist of the Alaskan division of the geological survey.

Out of every 100 recruits in Boston sixty-two have flattened skulls, the outcome, apparently, of the very tight dressing of the baby's head in its first months of life.

The Finns evidently have not found woman suffrage a failure. Nineteen women were elected to their first parliament. Now twenty-five have just been elected to the second.

Congressman Longworth, in a statement at Cincinnati, denies absolutely that he mentioned President Roosevelt as a candidate after Taft in his recent speech at Rock Island, Ill.

The last available statistics show that in one year in Germany the sum of about $30,000,000 was paid to invalid workmen to the number of 871,000, for the form of old age pensions.

Berlin opened a rink on September 1 for ice skating all the year round. This makes the fourth permanent ice rink in Europe, others being operated in London, Paris and Munich.

In the mountain regions of Cuba there are many ridges and valleys of extremely fertile land, nearly all untouched, and existing practically as they did before the time of the Spaniards.

One writer calculates that Americans this year, have spent $7,500,000 in London. At one of the largest hotels, which has housed 6,800 Americans since March, the average bill has been $250.

In Copenhagen the unemployed men have found occupation in rat killing, the number exterminated reaching 5,500 to 8,000 a week, while for the rest of Denmark the figure is from 10,000 to 15,000.

Ten thousand pairs of shoes are produced daily from a single Eastern factory. Every twenty-four hours it uses the hides and skins of 7,800 kids, 2,000 horses and colts 300 calves and 600 steers.

A German statistician has calculated that the steam power in present use on this globe is equal to 120,000,000 horse power. The coal needed to supply this steam for a year would make a freight train extending ten times around the earth.

Three women were among the eighty-nine applicants who recently took the examination for postal clerks at Buffalo. The highest grade, 89.70, was obtained by Miss Mary Pfann. All of the women applicants were successful, while only 35 per cent of the men passed.

The output of rubies in Burma during 1907 amounted to 2,128,368 tricals, valued in Magok books at $577,335. The royalty revenue for the year was $98,245. The market for rubies was fairly good the first of the year, falling away discouragingly toward the last of the year.

Two Philadelphia medical students employed their summer vacation hunting rattlesnakes and copperheads in the mountains near Emmittsburg. They captured a number of large rattlers, from which they obtained about $1,500 worth of venom, which will be shipped to Paris.

In the Congo the extravagance of the average white man is astonishing. Champagne is the invariable order of the day for men getting a few hundred dollars a year, and the official usually lands in Antwerp after three years with enough money for a spree, when he must sign and go back.

Another substitute for coal is reported from Galicia, where a native engineer has made a combination of crude petroleum, cinders and sand, into bricks or briquettes, "which may be used as fuel in any household in place of coal, a hundred kilos (220.4 pounds) to cost only $1." A society has been formed to manufacture these bricks, and a factory is to be placed in operation at Florisdorf.

The output of amber in 1907 by the mines of Burma was 2½ tons, valued at $1,920. These mines are situated in the administered territory of Myitkyina. The output of the year previous was 200 hundred weight, valued at $3,542. Amber mining in Burma is reported not to be a paying business. The average value of amber in Burma is $43 a hundredweight, which is higher by $8 or $9 than the price of last year.

Physicians have been in the habit of laughing at the popular custom of burning sugar in sickrooms as a disinfectant. A scientist in the Pasteur Institute, Paris, has, however, recently discovered that burning sugar develops acetylene hydrogen, one of the most powerful antiseptic gases known. If sugar is burnt in a closed vessel containing putrefied meat or the contents of rotten eggs the offensive odor disappears at once.

The water in Lake Champlain during the recent drouth reached the lowest point recorded in local history, nine feet below high water mark. Steamers were obliged to abandon many of their trips on account of the impossibility of making landings at the docks. The mountain brooks became almost dry, and the beds of some of the largest rivers were mere threads of water. The drouth and forest fires were ruinous to agricultural interests.

Sidney Kidman

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

FROM THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK STYLES

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

2215—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist. A very pretty model for heavy linen, Madras or flannel. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2131—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist, with applied yoke. Plaid taffetas, albatross or voile makes up charmingly in this model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2552—Girl's Dress with fancy yoke. The model here illustrated was developed in tan cashmere. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

2316—Girl's and Child's Dress, with high or Dutch neck. Flowered challis was used for the development of this neat little frock. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

2557—Ladies' Six-Gored Skirt, closing with buttons down the front and with an inverted box-plait at back or in habit style. The model here illustrated is adaptable to all materials. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2482—Misses' Skirt, closing at left side, with an inverted box-plait at center-back seam, and with or without center-front seam. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2576—Child's Underwear Set, consisting of underwaist, drawers and petticoat. Nainsook, batiste, Persian lawn, flannel or flannelette are all adaptable to this set. 3 sizes—1 to 3 years.

2211—Ladies' Short Petticoat, with straight lower edge and yoke band or deep yoke. Flannel or flannelet are the best mediums for this model. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2114—Misses' Seven-Eighths Length Coat, with kimono armholes. An excellent model for cheviot, Venetian cloth or broadcloth. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2570—Boys' Blouse or Shirt-Blouse, with or without permanent turn-down collar. An excellent model for any of the season's shirtings. 5 sizes—5 to 13 years.

2554—Misses' Jumper Dress, with an Attached One-Piece Plaited Skirt and a Separate Guimpe, Having Long or Three-Quarter Sleeves. A very neat model for taffetas, silk or voile. 4 sizes—14 to 17 years.

2568—Misses Tucked Shirtwaist, closing at Left Side of Front and Having Seven-Eighths Length Sleeves. Serge, linen, madras or mohair develop well in this model. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2487—Ladies' Shirtwaist in "Gibson Style," with Long or Three-Quarter Length Sleeves. A pretty model, which will develop well in almost any material. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2542—Child's One-Piece Box-Plaited Dress. A very useful model, which is adaptable to all materials. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

2550—Child's Apron. Nainsook, Persian or Victoria lawn are very good materials for this little apron. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

2150—Ladies' Thirteen-Gored Flare Skirt, Closing at Left Side of Front. The model here illustrated was developed in black broadcloth, although it may be developed in almost any of the season's suitings. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2309—Ladies' Nine-Gored Skirt, with an Inverted Box-Plait at Center-Back Seam and Below Hip at the other Seams. A pretty model to be developed in voile with trimming bands of taffetas in the same shade as the material. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2003—Ladies' Blouse Dressing-Sack with Peplum and Three-Quarter Length Sleeves. Challis, cashmere and flannel may all be used to good advantage in this model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2560—Boys' Sailor Suit, consisting of a Blouse Slipped on over the Head, Having Long, Seamless Shoulders in Regulation Naval Style and a Removable Shield and Knickerbockers. Serge or flannel are the best materials for suits of this style. 5 sizes—4 to 12 years.

2433—Ladies' Work Apron. Any of the plain or striped ginghams or figured percales develop well in this useful garment. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2465—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist, with a Removable Chemisette and Long or Three-Quarter Length Sleeves. A very pretty model for taffetas, albatross or voile. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2344—Ladies' Semi-Fitting Jacket. Serge, cheviot, broadcloth or tweed are good materials for this little model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2568—Girl's Dress, with a separate guimpe, having high or low neck long or three-quarter sleeves. A pretty model for challis, cashmere, voile, mohair or serge, with a guimpe of fine white batiste. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

2291—Ladies' Nine-Gored Kilt-Plaited Skirt in Pinafore Style and in Instep Length. A good model for almost any material that suits the wearer's taste. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

HUGHES BORROWS CROWD

Speaks to Democrats Gathered to Hear Monnett.

Hastings, Neb., Oct. 8.—Governor Hughes had the experience here last night of addressing an avowedly Democratic audience. When he arrived, a plan to have him speak in a tent was abandoned on account of bad weather, and the only hall available had been engaged for Frank S. Monnett, formerly attorney general of Ohio.

As Mr. Monnett's train did not arrive until 9:30 the Democrats extended the courtesy of the hall to Governor Hughes, and the audience that had gathered to hear Mr. Monnett, first listened to the New York governor. Governor Hughes left the hall before the arrival of Mr. Monnett. In this way the two speakers did not meet.

The audience, which had heartily applauded Governor Hughes, was as generous in its greeting to the Ohioan. Governor Hughes made no reference to Mr. Monnett, and was leaving the city while the latter was speaking.

STANDARD CODE BOOK STOLEN FROM VALISE.

Muskogee, Okla., Oct. 10.—A copy of the secret code of the Standard Oil company is lost, according to local police, who yesterday recovered a valise stolen here from W. A. Ledbetter, general attorney for the Waters-Pierce Oil company in Oklahoma, several weeks ago. The code was in the valise when taken, but was removed by the thief. There are said to be only 13 copies in existence.

QUAKERS LOOK BACKWARD

Show Industrial History of 225 Years.

Philadelphia, Oct. 7.—Philadelphia's industries passed in review before a half million people yesterday afternoon in the third of the series of great parades in commemoration of the city's 225th birthday. The industries were shown from the little beginnings in Colonial days down to the present. It was a history of the city's breadwinning establishments and also an advertisement of what the people of Philadelphia can do.

One float, drawn by forty horses, contained a complete telephone exchange, showing the girls at work. Another, drawn by fifteen horses, carried a modern eight-wheel street car. There were also great models of locomotives and street cars that are sent to all parts of the world.

Tonight there will be a parade of all labor organizations in the city, augmented by labor bodies from nearby towns. There will be many floats in line.

TAFT TO TOUR SOUTH

Taft Will Keep Promise to Speak in Several Cities in "Dixie."

Cincinnati, Oct. 10.—Judge Taft will today make a brief address to the members of the Taft-Sherman club at Fort Thomas, Ky., in the assembly room of the Sinton hotel. The club some time ago expressed a desire to pay its respects to the candidate, and the arrangement was made for today, the last day for political purposes the candidate will spend in his native city.

Mr. Taft will have a consultation with President Roosevelt in Washington, Tuesday, October 18.

After the three days in Ohio, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, Mr. Taft will turn his attention to the south for the remaining three days of the week. The Ohioan let it be known that he was in no sense 'chasing rainbows" in his intended tour of the south, but had heretofore made promises that should he go on the stump, he would speak in certain southern cities. He will keep these promises. They include speeches in Louisville, Ky., Oct. 15; Chattanooga, Knoxville and Bristol, Tenn., Oct. 16; Greensboro, N. C., Oct. 17, and Richmond, Va. The Richmond meeting will take place Saturday night and at its conclusion the Taft special will make for Washington to remain until Monday morning.

ACQUITTAL IN RIOT CASE.

Springfield Prosecutor Despairs of Getting Convictions.

Springfield, Ill., Oct. 9.—After 16 hours' deliberation, the jury in the case of Abraham Raymer, alleged mob leader, charged with destruction of property during the recent riots, returned a verdict of not guilty this afternoon. Raymer had previously been acquitted of murder in connection with the lynching of W. K. Donnigan, an aged negro. This acquittal is taken to mean convictions can not be obtained in the riot cases. One hundred and fifteen are yet to be tried.

FOR VIOLATING "DRY" LAW

Thirty-one Club Members Are Fined.

Birmingham, Ala., Oct. 9.—In the city court of Bessemer, Ala., yesterday, a jury imposed a fine of $250 on each of 31 men who were charged with violating the prohibition laws.

All are prominent citizens and were **arrested recently when a raid was made** on the Jones Valley club at Bessemer. The cases will be appealed.

HAIL STORM HALTS TRAIN

Breaks Window Panes in Cab and Coaches.

Carleton, Mich., Oct. 8.—A heavy hail storm passed over five miles north of this place last evening and the hail stones fell in quantities the size of walnuts, the largest ever seen by the oldest inhabitant. Many window lights were broken in residences and a Pere Marquette passenger train was compelled to stop until the storm had passed. The window panes of the cab and coaches were broken by the hailstones.

WILL REVEALS MARRIAGE

Shows Supposed Bachelor Had Twelve Children.

Waterbury, Conn., Oct., 12.—David G. Cooper, of Terryville, who made a fortune in the manufacture of oven thermometers for ranges, was supposed to have been a bachelor all his life. When he died, several months ago, his two nieces, who took care of his home and his office work, were supposed to be heirs to his estate of $150,000. His will, however, discloses the fact that he had a wife and twelve children in Chili, South America, to whom the greater part of the estate goes.

Investigation showed that Mr. Cooper had legally married a South American woman, and that the will simply acknowledged the legal rights of his widow and children to his estate. His nieces were much surprised.

FIGHT AN INSANE MAN ON TOWER 535 FEET IN AIR

New York, Oct. 12.—Atop the great iron tower at the Brooklyn end of the Williamsburg bridge a thrilling struggle took place yesterday while hundreds of persons looked on from below. An insane man, who had eluded the tower watchman, climbed an iron stairway to the top of the tower, 535 feet above the East river, and was preparing for a leap into the river when two policemen climbed after him.

The appearance of the policemen detracted the man from his purpose, and he turned upon the bluecoats with a razor. The insane man rushed to attack them, and then on the narrow footing at the dizzy height, a ten-minute battle took place.

Back and forth the trio struggled, now on the verge of toppling to destruction and then tottering back to the center of the small platform. To those who gazed aloft it seemed hours instead of minutes before the man was overpowered.

At the East District hospital, where the prisoner was taken, he gave his name as Joseph Kratz, of Brooklyn. He was placed in a padded cell.

BRADLEY QUITS CONTEST

Gov. Warner Will Make Campaign for Re-election.

Lansing, Mich., Oct. 10.—The fight over the Republican nomination for governor, beginning immediately after the September primaries when Dr. J. B. Bradley, of Eaton Rapids, auditor-general, charged fraudulent enrollment and voting and demanded a recount in certain counties ended last night when Dr. Bradley withdrew from the contest, leaving Gov. Fred M. Warner undisputed nominee of his party for a third term.

Dr. Bradley last night issued a statement reiterating the charges of fraud he made at the time he petitioned for a recount and claimed that an accurate count of the legal votes would have given him the gubernatorial nomination.

The board of canvassers will meet again next Tuesday when it is expected a certificate of nomination will be issued to Gov. Warner. At that time it will also probably be determined what plurality will officially be credited to Governor Warner.

The Bradley faction predicts that the board will exclude all ballots which inspectors initialled with pencil instead of ink, in which case the Warner plurality would be about 75 votes, but the Warner faction declare that deductions will be made only of those votes actually thrown out by the board up to the time the recount was closed by Dr. Bradley's withdrawal and that this would leave a Warner plurality of 1,414. The question of the pencil initialled ballots has been held in abeyance by the board pending a decision of the supreme court.

This decision is expected before Tuesday.

DEMOCRATS DISMAYED

Realize That Alliance With Liquor Interests Is Campaign Blunder.

Columbus, Oct. 10.—There seems to be nothing but woe in sight for the Democracy of Ohio. The Democratic leaders are up against it in more ways than one. The results of the local option elections held in 33 counties the past two weeks have taken the heart out of them and at last hammered into their heads the fact that temperance is an issue—the paramount, all-attracting issue in this campaign. Harmon, the gubernatorial candidate and Finley, the state chairman, and other leaders have loudly proclaimed from the stump and off of it, that temperance was not an issue. Their efforts in viciously attacking Gov. Harris have fallen flat. Now they see their mistake, but they are so hopelessly allied with the liquor interests and the liberal element that there is no chance to break away.

And the activity and the aggressiveness of Governor Harris astounds them. They had thought that the "old farmer governor" would conduct a sort of grandmotherly, harmless and innocent campaign. Instead, wideawake General Harris seems tireless in his activity; delivers sledgehammer blows when least expected, and varies his method of attack and covers such a wide field that he has had them on the run and guessing ever since the campaign opened.

And the liquor interests and Personal Liberty league are bitterly disappointed, dumfounded, dazed and bewildered. They have their enormous fund raised by them to defeat Governor Harris. Yet it does them not one particle of good. They are at their wit's end to know how to stem the overwhelming prohibition tide that is sweeping over Ohio with Governor Harris as its champion and hero.

It is now known that they are quarreling among themselves as to future policy. When they tied up to the Democratic party they felt sure of punishing Harris for having recommended the passage of the Rose county local option law and for signing that measure after its enactment. They wonder now where the Democrats are, and why so many thousands of them are on the dry side and going to vote for Harris' election.

The truth is that the liquor interests and liberal element in singling out Harris for slaughter have made of the governor a popular idol. They misjudged the temperance sentiment in Ohio. Indications now are that Governor Harris' fight for the home and clean politics will be indorsed by a majority estimated all the way from 100,000 to 200,000, and that his election will mean the permanent retirement of the liquor interests as a political force in state politics.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS DEAD

Taken Ill on Spot Made Famous by Great Father.

Chicago, Oct. 9.—Stephen A. Douglas, son and namesake of the great political rival of Abraham Lincoln, died suddenly at his home, 84 Twenty-second street, last night.

Yesterday Mr. Douglas, with William R. Taft, delivered an oration at Galesburg, Ill., at the fiftieth anniversary of the famous Lincoln and Douglas debate at that place. His speech was delivered on the site where fifty years before his father had contested the great national issues with Lincoln.

He had been slightly ill during the day, but no serious result was anticipated. He collapsed suddenly after dining with his family and died before the arrival of a physician.

Mr. Douglas was 58 years old. He was born in North Carolina, but had been a resident of Chicago for 35 years. He was prominent in Republican politics.

AUTO UPSETS, ONE DEAD

Was Speeding at 40 Miles an Hour at Time.

New York, Oct. 12.—Martin Conly, Jr., an employe of the comptroller's office, and son of Martin Conly, ex-assemblyman of Brooklyn, was crushed to death under a 60-horse power automobile early today when the machine, which was whirling along at the rate of forty miles an hour, leaped from the road, crashed through an iron fence and landed, bottom upward, in the open subway out of the Long Island railroad at Howard and Atlantic avenues, Brooklyn.

In the machine with Conly was Alfred Overmend, a chauffeur, employed by Portus Thompson, a Brooklyn real estate agent. Overmend was not seriously hurt. The police say the car had been taken out of the garage without the knowledge or permission of Mr. Thompson.

Young Conly, who was 23 years old, and Overmend went to Coney Island last night. Until after midnight they remained at the island and then started back to Brooklyn. They traveled at a fast pace until the machine plunged into the subway out.

RIDGELY DIES ON TRAIN

U. S. Consul General to Mexico City Expires Suddenly.

Monterey, Mex., Oct. 10.—Benjamin H. Ridgely, United States consul general to Mexico City, died suddenly about midnight last night in the Mexico City Pullman while waiting for the Mexico City train. Consul General Ridgely had arrived here from Laredo and stopped over to take the Pullman for the capital. He was accompanied by his wife and mother.

Was Magazine Writer.

Washington, Oct. 10.—Benjamin H. Ridgely, United States consul general to Mexico City, whose death is reported from Mexico, was born at Ridgely, Caroline county, Maryland, July 13, 1861. He studied law, but abandoned it for journalism. He held editorial positions on the Louisville Commercial and Louisville Courier-Journal, and with Young E. Allison founded the Louisville Truth.

He was appointed consul to Geneva June 20, 1893, and consul to Malaga May 8, 1900. He was transferred to Nantes on June 6, 1902, and was appointed consul general at Barcelona October 3, 1904, which post he held until his appointment to his present post on March 12 last. He was widely known as a magazine writer and was the author of "The Comedies of a Consulate."

CARNEGIE GOLD FOR G. O. P.

Gave $20,000 for Campaign—Mrs. Sage Contributes.

New York, Oct. 10.—The fact that Andrew Carnegie has contributed $20,000 to the campaign fund of the Republican national committee was announced yesterday by State Chairman Timothy L. Woodruff. Mr. Woodruff also announced that Mrs. Russell Sage has contributed $1,000 to the same fund. He said there have been no other large contributions from individuals.

POACHERS GIVE BATTLE.

American Fishermen Have a Clash With Canadians.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Oct. 10.—A fight with rifles between American fishermen and Canadian officers is said to have taken place on Lake Superior opposite White Fish Point. Boats arriving at the Canadian Soo tell of seeing the trouble at a distance.

Local Canadian officers admit hearing of the affair, but decline to discuss it. Americans are said to have been fishing in Canadian waters at this end of the lake for some time and several days ago officers went to the scene to make a seizure. It is reported that the fishermen escaped.

ALFONSO'S AUTO DITCHED

Tire Bursts and Two of King's Aides Are Hurt.

Placentia, Spain, Oct. 10.—The Spanish royal automobile was ditched here yesterday as the result of a tire bursting. King Alfonso was uninjured, but two of his aides were badly bruised.

ELKINS ISSUES DENIAL

Daughter Not Engaged to Duke of Abruzzi.

Pittsburg, Oct. 12.—In an authoritative statement to the Associated Press today United States Senator Stephen B. Elkins, of West Virginia, branded as untrue an alleged interview accredited to his wife to the effect that there was no engagement between Miss Katherine Elkins and the Duke of the Abruzzi. In an emphatic manner Senator Elkins said that neither his wife nor himself could give such interview for the simple reason that it was impossible to deny something that did not exist.

Sen. Elkins talked to the Associated Press over the long distance telephone from Elkins, W. Va., and was much exercised over the numerous wild reports, published from time to time, concerning the alleged engagement of his daughter to the Italian nobleman. "There is no foundation for the many reports," he said. "Neither in Europe nor America has any announcement of an engagement been made. There is no engagement."

CASTRO IS IMPROVED.

Caracas, Venzuela, Friday, Oct. 2, via Willemstad, Curacao, Oct. 12.—The health of President Castro shows much improvement. He was seen on the streets of the city today for the first time since his return from Valencia. He drove to the Yellow house to transact state business.

MEXICAN DIET

Not Conducive to American Energy.

"After about thirteen years in Mexico, where I was on a Mexican diet in which coffee and greasy food enter largely, I found that everything I ate distressed me," writes a man from our neighboring republic.

"Nervous break-down, with pain in the heart, caused me to give up mental work. After trying various stomach remedies without benefit, I found relief, at last, by eating Grape-Nuts and cream.

"I could digest Grape-Nuts, and the heart and nervous symptoms soon improved to such an extent that I could do some brain work and a fair day's manual labor.

"When away from home I get out of sorts from eating wrong food, but at home a few days on Grape-Nuts puts me right again.

"I once worked 10 consecutive hours on a dike without much fatigue, by having a small box of Grape-Nuts in my pocket and eating a little dry whenever I felt faint. I can now teach all day without fatigue, after a breakfast of Grape-Nuts and cream, stewed fruit, toast and Postum.

"That old dull feeling, when I tried to live on my former diet, has disappeared, and the delightful sensation of being fully nourished is present now. And the smile on our 18 months old boy at a sight of a Grape-Nuts package is worth seeing." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

ROOSEVELT WON'T STUMP

Makes Unconditional Denial to Hemenway.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 8.—President Roosevelt yesterday announced he would make no speeches in support of the candidacy of William H. Taft for the presidency, as there was no necessity for such action.

This declaration was made during a call of Senator Hemenway, of Indiana, one of a series of conferences at the White House at which the general political situation was under review.

Mr. Hemenway asked the President regarding the report that he would take the stump. The President replied he had received numerous requests to do so, but thought it was unnecessary, and made the unequivocal statement that he would not make any speeches.

Mr. Hemenway declared both the national and state tickets would be elected in Indiana.

NEW WIRELESS RECORD.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 12.—A new record in wireless telegraphy is claimed by the United Wireless Telegraph company, which from its San Francisco station on Russian Hill yesterday established communication with the Kuhuku station on the island of Oahu, one of the Hawaiian group. It is said that communication during two and a half hours was uninterrupted. The distance to Honolulu is 2,200 miles.

TAFT IS CONFIDENT

Starts This Morning on Final Trip of the Campaign.

Cincinnati, O., Oct. 12.—William H. Taft left this city at 7 o'clock this morning for a continuous campaign tour on the road until election night. For three days he will devote his attention to his home state. The itinerary today includes speeches at Morrow, Wilmington, Washington Court House, Circleville, Lancaster, New Lexington, Zanesville, Cambridge, Newcomerstown, Canal Dover, Massillon and Akron.

During this trip, which is largely through the rural districts of the state, Mr. Taft will make speeches to farmers, giving his reasons why the Republican policy of protection should be chosen rather than the Democratic tariff principles.

Preceding his final effort of the campaign Judge Taft today expressed himself as not only fit for the duties which devolve upon him, but confident of the result of the campaign. Again he said, as he did during his western trip: "I shall be elected president."

Mr. Taft climbed Mount Auburn, the highest of Cincinnati's seven hills, Sunday, and then climbed the stairway of the water town which surmounts the hill. Previous to his exercise, which the candidate took in anticipation of three weeks in a private car, he attended church with Mrs. Taft.

U. S. Senator Wm. A. Smith, of Michigan, will accompany and assist the candidate in his work in Ohio and Leslie M. Shaw, formerly secretary of the treasury, will travel with Mr. Taft in the south.

THE TWO "BILLS" MEET

Taft and Bryan Set Precedent at Chicago Association of Commerce Banquet.

Chicago, Oct. 8.—W. J. Bryan and W. H. Taft, rival candidates for the presidency of the United States, met last night at the fourth annual banquet of the Chicago Association of Commerce. The meeting is said to have been the first of its kind.

Mr. Bryan, having been in Chicago all day, was the first to arrive at the banquet hall in the Auditorium hotel. Mr. Taft, having delivered a speech at the opening of the deep water ways convention in the forenoon, went to Galesburg, Ill., to deliver another address during the afternoon, and returned to Chicago last night after the banquet was well under way.

Interest in Meeting.

Intense interest in the meeting had been manifested since it first became known that the two candidates were to meet in public, and every seat in three banquet halls, thrown together for the occasion, was occupied when the first course was served, save only a commodious chair reserved for Mr. Taft.

An ear-splitting shout gave warning of the arrival of Mr. Taft. Mr. Bryan, in common with everyone else, rose and looked toward the entrance. Those at a distance occasionally could catch a glimpse of a smiling face acknowledging greetings. A policeman in uniform and assistants in plain clothes aided in the progress of the distinguished guest. Mr. Bryan, who had ceased in the destruction of some sort of a chop suey, masquerading under a French name, turned his head slowly as his political rival drew near, smiling slightly.

The dramatic moment which had been anticipated with such deep interest was soon over. Mr. Bryan's hand awaited that of Mr. Taft. A single, lingering pressure, a word or so which none could hear because of the tumult, and the Republican leader passed on to a chair at the right of Mr. Hall. The cheering continued for a minute or so after those at the speakers' table had taken their seats. At the first moment the noise subsided, Mr. Bryan, leaning to one side and smiling broadly, asked Mr. Taft if he had had a good day.

This display of friendliness on the part of the two candidates stirred the crowd to renewed cheering, and words were useless in the din. Mr. Taft stroked his throat for answer. Then Taft laughed and the applause increased.

"Bill's All Right."

"What is the matter with Bill?" cried someone in stentorian tones.

"He's all right."

"Who's all right?"

"Bill's all right."

It took music by the orchestra and a song by the guests to restore a semblance of quiet. When talking in ordinary tones became possible the two candidates entered into an animated conversation in which President Hall joined. The speeches of both Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan were nonpartisan. This was in consonance with the wishes of the Chicago Association of Commerce, which is a nonpartisan organization.

INDIANS KILL A WRITER.

James Curwood Loses Life in Hudson Bay Wilds.

Winnipeg, Man., Oct. 12.—It was reported yesterday that James Oliver Curwood, an author, of Detroit, Mich., who recently went into the Hudson bay wilds for a Detroit publishing firm, was killed by Indians in the Lac La Ronge country.

Details are wanting, but the trader who brought in the report says that the Lac La Ronge Indians say that the white man began the trouble by shooting one of their number. The mounted police are investigating and their report is expected within a few days.

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POST CARDS Your name or any words up to five tinseled on beautiful embossed floral cards, 8 for 10c, 10 for 25c. Peerless Supply Co., 20 N. 43rd Ave., Chicago.

MAY OUST COL. STEWART

Army Retiring Board Finishes Examination.

Finds "Fort Grant Exile" Afflicted With Serious Valvular Heart Disease.

Washington, Oct. 10.—The army retiring board, which has been investigating the condition of the health of Colonel William E. Stewart, the so-called Fort Grant "exile," concluded its work yesterday. It is understood the board found Colonel Stewart so seriously afflicted with valvular disease of the heart as to incapacitate him for active service in the army. It is considered likely that Colonel Stewart's retirement by the president will follow.

If not retired, Colonel Stewart would still have more than four years of active service, and as he is one of the oldest officers of the artillery corps, his friends contend he would stand a good chance of reaching the grade of brigadier general.

MANY INJURED IN RIOT

Crowd of 500 Attacks Strike-breaking Chauffeur.

New York, Oct. 12.—A number of persons were injured and windows in the Hotel Knickerbocker were broken last night in a riot that followed an attack made on Albert Lind, a strike-breaking chauffeur, employed by the New York Taxicab company. A crowd of 500, sympathizers with the striking chauffeurs, hurled stones, sticks and other missiles at the chauffeur, who took refuge in a doorway of the big hotel. In the fusillade the taxicab was wrecked and three windows of the main dining room of the hotel were shattered. The guests of the Knickerbocker fled from the room in panic.

A call was sent for the reserves, and soon half a dozen patrol wagons arrived with fifty policemen. It took half an hour to disperse the mob.

Fights between the strikebreakers and strike sympathizers took place in many parts of the city during the day. A dozen arrests were made.

CREW OF 13 DROWNED

Steamers Collide in Fog Off Schevengen.

Hamburg, Oct. 10.—The German steamer Pretoria and Nipponia have been in collision in the fog off Schevengen. Thirteen of the Nipponia's crew, including the captain, were drowned. The Pretoria was not damaged.

The Pretoria belongs to the Hamburg-American line, and left New York September 26 for Hamburg. The Nipponia is owned in Stettin and left Lulea, Sweden, August 11, for Emden.

LAST OF THE EARLYS.

Gallipolis, Oct. 12.—Mrs. Ruth Early Nash, sister of General Jubal Early, of the confederate army, died here last night. Mrs. Nash was the wife of the late Hon. Samuel S. Nash, and is the last of the Early generation of the famous Virginia family.

COUNTRY ENTERING UPON AN ERA OF GREAT PROSPERITY

Will Eclipse Records of McKinley and Roosevelt, Say Business Men—A Few Striking Facts Prompt Predictions.

New York, Oct. 12.—Business men who have been observing keenly the economic developments of the last few months, said today that the country, one year after the financial stringency in Wall street, was entering upon an era that would eclipse the prosperity of the administrations of McKinley and Roosevelt.

A few striking facts drove them to that prediction. Despite the panic of last fall practically one-half a billion dollars of securities had been sold by railroads, industrial and manufacturing concerns, and the proceeds were being devoted to enlargement of plants and the building of more factories and railroads.

In September the total building expenditure throughout the country was more than $41,000,000 which exceeded the expenditures of September a year ago by $4,000,000. The harvesting of crops, valued at almost seven billion dollars, and the wages paid to contractors and laborers meant the pouring of millions of dollars of savings into banks throughout the country. Furthermore, manufacturers were preparing for a large output. A report of the department of commerce and labor showed that the imports for August exceeded those of any previous month this year, and were greater than those of the preceding August.

All these things showed, experts said, that the manufacturing, mining and other interests were lining up for a year that promised to increase the wealth of the nation enormously.

TAFT WILL STUMP EAST

Will Remain on Stump Until Close of Fight.

Chicago, Oct. 7.—Announcement was made by National Chairman Hitchcock today that Mr. Taft would remain on the stump until the close of the campaign.

The itinerary of Mr. Taft's next tour, which will start next week, has not been finally determined, but will probably take him for one or two days to each of the following states: Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, Maryland, New Jersey, New York and Connecticut. Mr. Taft will make no more trips through the west.

Mr. Hitchcock said he did not know whether President Roosevelt would take the stump or not, as he had no information regarding the matter.

It was announced at headquarters by Mr. Hitchcock that Mr. Sherman would remain in the east during the rest of the campaign.

$17,000,000 MINING CO.

Oro Grande Company Incorporated at Trenton.

Trenton, N. J., Oct. 9.—The Oro Grande Mines company, with a capital of $17,000,000, was incorporated here yesterdad to do a mining business. The incorporators are H. O. Coughlan, B. S. Mentz and S. A. Anderson.

HEALTHY KIDNEYS

Just Your Address Brings $1's Worth.

If you are in earnest about getting cured of your Kidney, Bladder or Uric Acid Disease, send your address to The Dr. D. A. Williams Co., 820 P. O. Block, Pine Hampton, Conn. By return mail they will send you prepaid a full dollar's worth of The Williams Treatment. Use it all. If entirely satisfied, send them $1. If not satisfied, keep your money. You decide. They take your word. Guaranteed harmless.

SUPREME COURT MEETS

Admits 21 Members of Bar, Two of Them Women.

Washington, Oct. 12.—Beyond the admission of 21 members of the bar, the United States supreme court, which convened at noon today, for the 1908-09 term transacted no official business, but immediately adjourned to make the usual formal call upon the President.

Among the new members admitted to the bar were two women, both of this city; James A. Fowler, of Tennessee, the new assistant attorney general, and Charles Reed Hemenway, attorney general of Hawaii. As usual the oath was administered by James McKinney, clerk

to the inscription on the fly leaf, had

hundred years ago.

LA FOLLETTE'S COMMONER

Senator Outlines Policy of His Weekly Paper.

Madison, Wis., Oct. 8.—United States Senator La Follette today made an announcement in regard to the weekly paper to be published by him.

"I shall proceed at once with the regular publication of a weekly magazine," says the senator, "devoted to the public interest upon lines broad enough to appeal to the progressive people of the country. I shall print the records of public officials and political parties on vital questions. I shall discuss men and measures impartially and fearlessly.

"The paper will deal only with these problems, but as widely as possible with other questions of human interest. Mrs. La Follette will have a department in which education and the home will be discussed from the woman's standpoint.

"I shall make this paper before all other things the vigilant champion of true representative government."

KERN SEES REVOLUTION

Believes It Will Put Bryan in White House.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 12.—John W. Kern, Democratic nominee for vice president, returned to Indianapolis yesterday after a two weeks' campaign tour of the south and southeast. Mr. Kern stood the trip well and expressed his gratification at the friendly receptions accorded him. He described his trip as a sort of "courtesy" tour to indicate to the southern states that Democracy is not unmindful of their loyalty even though it be certain. Mr. Kern will leave here on Tuesday for New York where he will campaign in New York state, New Jersey and Connecticut.

"During the trip just finished," said Mr. Kern, "I spoke in Michigan, Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia and West Virginia. Everywhere I was impressed with the genuine interest shown in Democratic success. The party is united and that perhaps best expresses the condition throughout the country. The meetings that I addressed seemed to be serious, yet enthusiastic. I cannot free myself from the impression that a great political revolution is in progress and that it will place Mr. Bryan in the White House."

ANOTHER MANILA TYPHOON

Fierce Gale Causes No Trouble to the Fleet.

Manila, Oct. 9.—Another typhoon has passed close to Manila and it still hovers nearby. A gale blew last night, but it was not troublesome to the fleet, which had received ample warning. Orders were issued that all shore leave men should report aboard their vessels last night, in order to provide against any possibility of being cut off from shore today. The storm interrupted the loading of some supplies, but it is expected they will be loaded on board the ships today.

The fleet will be ready for sea this evening en route to Japan.

SELL STATE LANDS.

Lansing, Mich., Oct. 10.—State lands in the upper peninsula were sold by State Land Commissioner Rose yesterday for $32,000. A large portion of the lands were disposed of at auction, although many purchases were made at private sale.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.

Just as God leads me I would go;
I would not ask to choose my way;
Content with what He will bestow,
Assured He will not let me stray.
So as He leads, my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take,
A child in Him confiding.

MONDAY.

Help us to do Thy will by enabling us to minister to those around us. May the words of our mouth and the industry of our hands reveal Thy guiding love.

TUESDAY.

Unselfish is the best fashion there ever can be; it's the fashion of the kingdom of heaven.

WEDNESDAY.

We view the world with our own eyes, each of us, and we make from within us the world which we see.

THURSDAY.

Fearest sometimes that thy Father hath forgot?
Tho' the clouds around thee gather, doubt Him not.

FRIDAY.

When our feet are weary, and the road
More toilsome seems with every passing day,
To share our every burden, little heart,
The Helper walks beside us all the way.

SATURDAY.

Beyond life's toils and cares,
Its hopes and joys, its weariness and sorrow,
Its sleepless nights, its days of smiles and tears,
Will be a long, sweet life, unmarked by years—
One bright, unending morrow.

JUST TO BE GOOD

ELIZABETH AYRES

It is enough just to be good,
To lift our hearts where they are understood.
To let the thought of worldly power and place go unappeased,
To smile back in God's face
With the glad lips our mother used to kiss.
Ah, though we miss all else but this—
To be good is enough.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

"Just to be good." This sentence has a homely sound, but a beautiful meaning, which, like all of Riley's sentiment, touches the heart and makes one want to be better.

One of life's hardest lessons is learning to be good. There are stumbling blocks which appear at unexpected times and places. There are moments when self-consideration is uppermost, and we forget that anyone else has the right to live, and there are occasions when everything is exasperating and life becomes an irritation unless one remembers that it is never long the same, and the tears of today may change to smiles on the morrow.

You may believe yourself to be religious, but this does not mean that you are good, unless you have a busy heart in which kindness, charity, love and all their kindred are busy in their workshop sending out the influence that benefits the world. One need not be so good as to be depressing, or narrow or intolerant; to be any one of these is to miss the real meaning and purpose of goodness.

Always, somewhere, there is some one who attracts people as flowers attract the hummingbirds and bees. Usually this "some one" is a woman; one who has come to the sunset of life and, having passed through the storm and stress which comes into every human existence, has reached the calm that enables her to say, "Thy will be done."

Such a woman as this is good; thoroughly good. With a heart ever ready to give sympathy; a mind broadened by experience; the lessons of life well learned, and with tolerance bred from a knowledge of human frailties, she is the recipient of many confidences and the dispenser of comfort and encouragement to those who come to her for counsel.

She joys in living; she has no fear of death; and her creed is love. She has found that to be good is enough. With everyone to be good is enough, providing it is the sort of goodness which keeps one at peace with self and with the world.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

FOR WIVES AND HUSBANDS.

After reading my paper this evening and seeing so many good letters I thought I would knock for admittance. I hardly know what to write about. I have written and told you of our little town and its glass factories. The factory fires have been put in the tanks for this season, and in the past week there have been nearly 400 men come to our little town. Maybe you think there has not been hustle and bustle among we women who are keeping boarders. We have fitted up every spare room, even to the parlor. We are paid five dollars a week. Of course that enables us to keep up table expenses and have our own pin money. Sometimes we do the washing for the boarders, and that makes us extra pin money. I wish all of you sisters who are so anxious to earn money for yourselves had the chance that the women of our little town have.

I am always interested in the letters about caring for the home and little ones, and making the home happy. I want to say right here that I have received much help from the many good letters, thanks to the many good mothers who have written and given us good advice.

I have a dear, kind husband, and three children; two boys of nine and fourteen years of age, and a girl of eleven. Ah, how much help she is to mamma, and I realize how much there is for us to do.

Concerning the happiness and welfare of these children, sometimes I think if we mothers would not fret so much about a systematic way to do our work, but to do each day what our hands find to do, and spend more time in trying to cultivate the minds of our children in the right way, there would not be so many boys and girls running the streets.

Mothers, make home the happiest place for your boy. Take him in your confidence. Be interested in everything that interests him. Do not let him think he is getting too large to kiss his mother, and never be too tired to take a stroll or a romp with him.

Just a word, wives. How often do we see a home where there seems to be nothing but strife between husband and wife, where there should be love and kind words. I think if we wives would be more kind and patient when our husbands come home from work, we could save a good deal of this trouble. Let us try and see what can be done. At meal time put the dining room in neat order and prepare the dish that he likes best. Next, put yourself in a neat, clean dress, just as you did when your husband used to come to take you for a walk, and, if there are little ones in the house, teach then that papa is coming, and that their faces must be clean and their toys in place. Then when he comes meet him at the door with a kiss and a smile and be cheerful. Never let a cross word pass your lips. Never find fault, but praise him. Let him know that you think there is no other man nearly so good. Beware of cross words for they are the first thorn in a home. What is our burden compared to the husbands? If we do not get our work finished today we can do it tomorrow, but he has all the responsibility of the support for the family on his shoulders.

And you husbands who may chance to read this letter, don't forget to give your wife a word of praise. Let her know that you notice the dish that you are most fond of has been prepared especially for you. Take her on your knee for a few minutes and praise her for her kind and loving ways. How often we see some kind and noble woman's life full of clouds, just for the words of love and affection that are left unspoken.

"Yes," you will say to your neighbor, "I know she is good and kind, and does everything she can to make my burdens lighter."

Think for a moment. Have you ever told her this? If not, tell her today, and watch how her face brightens, and, as you leave the house, listen and hear if she is not singing some little song. With best wishes for the Cozy Corner.—Industral Girl.

"GOOD" IN THE LETTERS

I have been very much interested in the good that has been shown in so many letters, telling how we parents should train our children. This is a serious thought that should come to every father and mother. As God has given us these little ones, we should be very careful how we train them. They will help to direct our nation some day.

We are a family of seven. When Sunday morning comes, we go to Sunday school and church. My husband and I have been married almost 20 years. Our eldest child is past 18 years old. Our children all love music and like to have company. We live on a farm and have good neighbors around us.

My dear readers, we must remember life is short and we shall travel this road only once, so let us be sure we are on the right path, doing all the good we can to all the people we can.

The question has been asked how to care for milk crocks and separators. I use common baking soda for cleaning the separator and crocks. It is excellent to keep the churn sweet and clean. To make good butter, never let the cream stand very long. When butter is churned, do not wash it too much. Rinse off a little, salt, set aside while you empty your churn, then wash the water out. Do not let milk and water stand on the butter long, as it will spoil it soon and make it strong. Yours for good.—A True Friend to the Cozy Corner.

FAITHFULNESS.

Dear Sister Hortense—Your letter just fitted my case. I, too, am the wife of a laborer, and have often worked beyond my strength in order to do what I could to make the path brighter. I get discouraged many times, but I think if we are faithful on earth, we shall get our reward in heaven. I think of all the hard lives mine has been the hardest, but I will not attempt to say any more today. I love to read The Blade letters.—Ellen.

USEFUL HINTS.

Take a piece of pasteboard or a small piece of board, and tack sticky fly paper on it. Then it will not blow around.

Cut picnic plates out of large pasteboard boxes for the children, to take the place of dishes.

Recently I heard of a good way to remove the lime deposits in tea kettles. Put in vinegar and boil for one hour. Wash the kettle and boil clear water in it to take away the vinegar taste.—Mrs. A. A. B.

FROM TENNESSEE.

As I take interest in reading the letters, I will write a few lines, thinking someone might like to hear from this place. Crops are fine. Most of the people have laid by corn. We have plenty of blackberries and huckleberries. We live on a lovely farm and the beautiful stream, Little river, flows near by. We have a nice town near here, and a good Sunday school.—Miss Mary Compton.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

For Dael, who asked how to brighten the nickel on stoves, Industral Girl sends this: Dampen a little concentrated lye. Take a brush or a piece of old cloth wrapped around a stick, and rub the nickel. But be very careful not to let it get on the hands, as it will burn. Another way is to scour the nickel with powdered borax.

To clean gilt frames—Take two parts water to one part alcohol, and, with a camel's-hair brush, touch a small space at a time, drying immediately with a soft flannel.

C. H. S.—Mrs. O. M. Bodwell, of Oregon, writes for you to sprinkle a soft cloth with some cedar oil and rub the kitten's fur Do not allow the oil to touch the kitten's skin, or "you will set Pussy wild." This is good, also, for people to use when in flea-infested places.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Did you ever happen to think the best way to lose your own worries is to go to work and find out how other folks' worries are getting on?

"A Reader"—We have received an answer to your request for directions for the game of bean bag. A pattern came with it, so it can not be published. If you will send your address, with stamp, to the Editor of The Household the directions will be forwarded.

As we have received only two letters from the Cozy Corner people this week, the editor thinks you must all be "much engaged" with your fall work. You're excused for not writing, as we still have a number of unpublished letters, but why don't some of you, when you find time, write a letter to the Cozy Corner about "fall work" and what is necessary for you to do in the part of the country where you live. Even if you can not write now, remember your editor's request and "come to the front" later on.—Elizabeth Ayres.

Morning Glory and Mrs. Clark, of Iowa, thank you for writing.

TO SHARPEN SCISSORS

Cut them rapidly on the neck of a small glass bottle, or better still, on a ground-glass stopper. It trues the edges and makes them cut like new.—Woman's Home Companion.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. ASTOR

Mrs. William Astor, the oldest living member of the Astor family, who in 1855 as Caroline Webster Schemerhorn was married to William Astor, a grandson of the first John Jacob Astor, has given to the October Delineator her first interview on public affairs. Mrs. Astor tells what she thinks about a number of the subjects prominently before the public, though naturally her vision is colored by the ideas of the exclusive society known as "The New York Four Hundred," from which she has recently retired as leader. Her interviewer describes her first sight of her in this manner:

"She made a picture as she came slowly down the broad marble stairs, not with any apparent feebleness, although a jeweled hand grasped firmly the iron balustrade. She was smiling cordially beneath the big black hat and lace veil, dressed entirely in black, unrelieved even by the conventional white at neck and throat. The gown was cut severely plain and outlined a youthful, simple figure. As she advanced, I saw that she was about medium height, a little less, perhaps, and as straight as an Indian. Her head, well set on the rather broad shoulders, was carried high, not with arrogance, but good breeding. The waves of soft, black hair were youthful, too."

Mrs. Astor declares her belief in a republic in which money has a great deal to say. Money represents with us energy and character; it is acquired by brains and untiring effort; it is kept intact only by the same means. It were well if Europe were imbued with the American ideas of money power—I do not say ideals—that is another thing, but American ideas about developing the natural resources of the country and their commonsense notions about work, would bring about great things in Europe. Best of all, there is the American idea, demonstrated about us every day, that each man can bring happiness and comfort to himself and to those he loves if he will only set about it, and that education, books, pictures, travel, are all within his reach.

Regarding the young people of New York society, Mrs. Astor says:

"I can speak with authority about our young people. I have always kept in close touch with them. They are of a new age and often have ideas different from my own old, conservative ones. And they are full of health and abundant spirits, embodiments of the new age of athletic development and out-of-door sport. It is perhaps true that they frequently go into excess in amusement, but they are not degenerate and they are not vicious. Our young men enter seriously upon the business of taking care of their large financial interests and they often take up an individual business or profession in addition, going in for healthy sports only as a well-earned diversion.

"Our young women are easily trained in domestic matters and taught to appreciate their responsibility toward the poor. There are no such barriers between the very rich and the very poor as some newspapers would have the world believe. All of my friends do a great deal for the poor, and their daughters are brought up from infancy to look upon their charity work as an important part of their lives. When our girls marry, they take up the management of establishments in town and country, they rear large families of children and personally supervise their education at home during the critical early years. They are in love with their husbands and devoted to their interests."

One of the principal reasons for Mrs. Astor's lifelong interest in society, she said, was her interest in young people. She enjoyed having them about her, enjoyed planning for their amusement. But she said that she felt also that a woman placed by birth or marriage at the head of a great family had no uncertain call of duty to maintain the dignity of the old name.

"That consists in setting a standard for true living in the private life as well as in the public," Mrs. Astor continued. "One must have high ideals and do the best one can to realize them. My ideals in society have always been very definite. I have not realized them, but who does realize his ideals in this world?"

She came back so often to that word "ideal!" Mrs. Astor is a woman of ideals, and when she talks of them her face lights up in a marvelous way.

MRS. WILLIAM ASTOR.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can
In all the ways you can
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

It is a beautiful day to go pen-visiting, and here I am at the M. G. R. door, where there is a welcome from many smiling faces.

I live in Cleaveland county, N. C., about 24 miles north of the county seat. There is one rural route which goes by my home. It is about 15 miles to the nearest railroad st tion. We are located in a little coulee, 1,157 feet above sea level. It is almost surrounded with beautiful woodlands. On the west side is a little brook, and just on the other side of the brook is the spring where I get water. It is good water, and the spring is in a beautifully shaded place, where there are large poplars and maple trees.

For many years, on the east side of my house, there has been an apple orchard. We have had a good crop this year.

Dear Mary V., what a brave and noble Christian you are. I would love to see you and know you. I hope you will soon be able to be up and out.

Cecil Lorne, I thank you for your kind words. Please write again and tell where you live. I extend my congratulations to Indiana Wabash, and I wish to thank you all for the good letters you have written. I wish you all much happiness and many blessings. I send the following lines, trusting they may cheer some unhappy one:

Hope is coming, do not be sad,
Nothing is ever quite so bad
But that it might be worse.
No heart can lose all hope,
For hope is part of life;
Look up! for hope is near.

Take thou some time to think and play,
And laugh and joy along the way;
Look up what e'er thy lot may be,
And strive for larger destiny,
Look up! thy needs of life are near.
—Pet.

As I have read the letters of the M. G. R's. with great interest ever since my father has taken The Blade, I thought I would come in for a few moments. Raoul de Coubert, I think you are a queer sort of a person. You say you have found most people to be deceitful and false. Let me say the world is as you make it. If you treat your friends as you would have them treat you, you will find it quite different. Using tobacco is a bad habit, but I think there are a great many people using it who are real gentlemen. If you have no worse habits than using tobacco, you are an exception.

I live in the Mountain state, West Virginia. I am a farmer and find the business to be very profitable. This country is exceedingly mountainous, and is very healthy.

I think the M. G. R. motto is beautiful, and one we all should try to live up to. I like the letters of Bonnie Burnie and English Lad very much, and hope they will come again.—Irish Kid.

Do any of the members remember Wild Rose of W. Va., who joined this circle about three years ago?

I have been so busy, finishing my high school course, that I neglected writing. I have lived all my life among the West Virginia hills, until recently we came to Oklahoma to reside a year or two. As you may imagine, we sometimes get homesick to see the hills and trees again; still we like Oklahoma very much. If you will admit a truant back again I will tell you about our trip and life in the west.

I lived in the central part of West Virginia, and taught my first school there last winter. I am contemplating teaching in Oklahoma the coming winter. I have read The Blade for several years, and enjoy it so much. In fact, I always turn to the Household page first. I will sign the name of the book I enjoyed reading so much.—Romona.

We are glad you have returned. Don't stay away so long again. Maybe you might "see trouble."—Miss Prudence.

Seeing the large letters "Welcome" over the door, I have now picked up courage enough to enter.

I have been a reader of The Blade for more than six years, and I always enjoy the M. G. R. letters more than any other part of the paper.

I agree with Gladys, of the Hoosier state. I, too, enjoy the letters of the Cherokee Girl and English Lad.

I live in the beautiful city of Topeka. It has a population of 40,000, and is situated on both sides of the Kansas River.—Maggie Lehr.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS.

I bid you a very good day, M. G. R.'s, and trust that all is well with you. —Miss Prudence.

The latest letters received are from Keystone Lad, Hazel, The Country Bard, Susie J. Adams, and Ohio Wild Rose.

Rose dreamed she was a lily;
Lily dreamed she was a rose;
Robin dreamed he was a sparrow;
What the owl dreamed goodness knows,
But they all woke up together
As happy as could be,
Said each one, "You're lovely, neighbor;
But I'm very glad I'm me."

Yours is received, Olive Branch, but I have not had time to read it. I'm very sure it will not be "returned with thanks."

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T SAY PLEASE

JOSEPHINE SCRIBNER GATES

"Hearts, like doors, open with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that two of these,
Are 'I thank you' and 'If you please!'"

One day a certain little girl decided that she wouldn't say please!

Think of that! She just would not say please!

I don't want you to know her name, so I won't tell it, but this is what she did: She sat down to dinner, tied her bib on, looked at the various dishes before her, and said, "I want some beefsteak and potato."

Her mother waited, then said, "What did you say, dear?"

"I want some beefsteak and potato."

Her mother waited again, then said gently, "If—?"

The little girl said, "No, I'm not going to say that any more. I want some beefsteak and potato."

Her mother felt very sad to think her dear little girl should be so impolite, and she waited a while to see if she would change her mind, but she didn't so her mother took her away from the table and led her to the door.

"There," she said gravely, pointing to a woods not far away, "you must go over there and stay. Little girls who won't say please must not live here. We have a baby brother who might grow up to think he didn't want to say please, if he found his sister wouldn't say it. Babies always do what they see their sisters and brothers do. I'm glad he was asleep this noon, and didn't know you were not polite. Kiss mother goodby—and when you decide to say please you may come back, but you must stay over there in the woods until you do."

Now this woods was a beautiful place, where this little girl dearly loved to play, but she had never before been sent there in this way.

She walked along, kicking her feet in the dust, with her lips sticking out in such a pout I really believe you could have hung a pail on them. The corners of her mouth were turned own, too, and she hardly looked like herself. Did you ever look in the mirror when you felt cross? If you did, then you know you didn't see a very pretty picture. No one can look pretty who isn't good. Just remember that, and if you want people to like to look at you, be good.

Well, this little girl went into the woods, sat down on a log, and talked to herself like this:

"I don't care. I'm not going to say please any more, not never! So! What's the use in it? I don't suppose animals say it, and I don't know why I should. Not anything says it but people. Just plain people. Even dolls don't say it."

Then she got up and walked around among the trees. It was fall, and the ground was covered deep with leaves of many beautiful colors, and she loved to hear them rustle as she kicked her feet through them.

"I'll just stay here for always," she continued; "it's a pretty woods, and there is no one to care because I don't want to say that word. I'll eat nuts and berries, and I won't say please to get them, either.

"Now I'll make a bed where I can sleep," she said after a while, and she went to work heaping up the leaves. Then she made a pillow of moss, which looked so soft and cushiony she decided to try it.

So she lay down and she found the bed so comfortable she thought she would stay there a little while. She looked up at the sky shining through the trees, while the cool breeze fanned her little, hot face, and it seemed so sweet and peaceful she began to feel quite happy. The corners of her mouth went back where they belonged, and if a pail had been hanging on her lips, it would surely have fallen off.

For some time she lay still, listening to the birds singing, the squirrels chattering and the bees humming, while the leaves were whispering to each other as the wind blew through the trees—and they all seemed to be saying, over and over, "In the woods she must live till she learns to say please! In the woods she must live till she learns to say please!"

Suddenly she spied a bird's nest high up on a branch. In the nest she could see the tiny heads of the baby birds. By and by came the papa and mama birds, carrying lovely fat worms in their bills, and as they paused above the nest, to the astonishment of our little girl, those baby birds piped up this familiar jingle:

"Hearts, like doors, open with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that two of these
Are 'I thank you' and 'If you please'!"

Then each of the little birds cried, "Please, I want a worm!"

Our little girl jumped up and ran away as fast as she could, and as she ran, she cried, "Oh, oh, to think that the birds say please! I won't stay where birds are, for I don't want to hear them say it!"

After a while she caught a glimpse of something gray and white, and she walked quietly to a large tree, and peeped around it—and what do you thing she saw? A whole family of rabbits having a tea-party.

The bunnies were arranged in a circle about a heap of lettuce leaves and woodsy flowers. The baby bunnies looked as though they could hardly wait to begin the feast, but as our little girl watched to see them nibble the goodies, she heard once more the rhyme beginning, "Hearts, like doors!"

And she ran away again, and cried as she ran, "Oh, oh, to think that the bunnies say please too! I must get away from them as fast as I can.

She darted about through the trees, and all at once she saw a lot of squirrels gathering chestnuts. They placed them in a hollow tree until it seemed to be full, and then they heaped them up on the ground.

"Now they are going to have dinner, and I do hope they don't know that please poem," said our little girl to herself, as she watched them sit up on their haunches around the beautiful glossy food—and then didn't they begin and recite, "Hearts, like doors"!

Poor little girlie! She was growing tired now, and a little sorry, as she started away from the squirrels; but on and on she went, stopping here and there only long enough to hear the same verse repeated over and over, by the bees, the bugs, the caterpillars, and all the little creatures of the woods. Suddenly she said, "Why, I seem to be the only one that don't say please! Isn't that awful! But I know something that never says it, and that's dolls!"

Just then she heard a voice, and she peeped through a clump of bushes, and there was a little girl talking away to her dollies.

As the girl talked she covered a low stump with velvety moss. Then she placed some acorn cups about on it for dishes. Next she put her hand in her pocket and drew out—what? A big crisp sugary cooky, which she broke into bits and put into the acorn cups. Then she set the dollies up around the stump and said, "Now, dollies, dinner's ready. What do we say before we begin?"

Our little girl could hardly believe her ears when she heard those dolls reciting in the most perfect manner:

"Hearts, like doors, open with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that two of these
Are 'I thank you' and 'If you please'!"

She was so astonished that she jumped —and, what do you think? She had been asleep and dreaming! She sprang up from the bed of leaves and ran out of the woods and along the path home as fast as she could go, for night was coming on. When she went into the house she found her mother just ready to eat supper, and she was very, very glad to see her little girl, because she knew the minute she looked at her that she was all ready to say please. How do you think she knew? Because the corners of the girl's mouth turned up and her eyes looked happy again.

And the mother said, "Well, well! I'm glad to see my good little girl back home. Go up to your room and bathe your face and hands, and brush your hair. Then we can have supper.

When they sat down to the table the little girl tied on her bib, folded her hands, and said sweetly:

"Hearts, like doors, open with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that two of these
Are 'I thank you' and 'If you please'!"

Here she paused a moment, looked up at her mother, and then dropped her eyes and said, "One of these is 'I thank you,'" and again she stopped.

You see, she wasn't quite ready even yet to be good.

Her mother looked very sorry, and the little girl thought a tear was just going to fall, so she added quickly, "and the other key begins with 'p,' mamma—I think it's 'please.'"

"You think?" queried her mother, speaking very gently, but looking very grave.

And then the little girl jumped up and ran to her mother, crying, "I know, mamma dear, it's please, please, please!"

And she hugged her mother hard, and kissed her over and over as she told her how sorry she was that she had disobeyed, and that she would never, never do so again.

Then they ate their supper, and as they ate the little girl told her mother the funny dream, which I verily believe might have been true—don't you think so?—October Little Folk.

THE POETS' CORNER

EVOLUTION.

By Langdon Smith.

When you were a tadpole and I was a fish,
In the Paleozoic time,
And side by side on the ebbing tide,
We sprawled through the ooze and slime
Or skittered away with many a caudal flip
Through the depths of the Cambrian fen,
My heart was rife with the joy of life,
For I loved you, even then.

Mindless we lived and mindless we loved,
And mindless at last we died;
And deep in a rift of the Caradoc drift
We slumbered side by side.
The world turned on the lathe of time,
The hot lands heaved amain,
Till we caught our breath from the womb of death,
And crept into light again.

We were amphibians scaled and tailed,
And drab as a dead man's hand;
We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees,
Or we trailed through the mud and sand,
Croaking and blind, with our three-clawed feet
Writing a language dumb,
With never a spark in the empty dark
To hint at a life to come.

Yet happy we lived and happy we loved,
And happy we died once more;
Our forms were rolled in the clinking mold
Of a Neocomian shore.
The eons came and the eons fled
And the sleep that wrapped us fast
Was riven away in the newer day,
And the night of death was past.

Then light and swift through the jungle trees
We swung in our airy flights,
Or breathed in the balms of the fronded palms,
In the hush of the moonless nights.
And oh! what beautiful years were these,
When our hearts clung each to each;
When life was filled and our senses thrilled
In the first faint dawn of speech.

Thus life by life, and love by love
We passed through the cycles strange,
And breath by breath, and death by death,
We followed the chain of change,
Till there came a time in the law of life
When over the nursing sod
The shadows broke and the soul awoke
In a strange new dream of God.

I flaked a flint to a cutting edge
And shaped it with brutish craft;
I broke a shank from the woodland dank
And fitted it, head and haft;
Then I hid me close to the reedy tarn,
Where the mammoth came to drink—
Through brawn and bone I drove the stone,
And slew him upon the brink.

Loud I howled through the moonlit wastes,
Loud answered our kith and kin;
From the west and east to the crimson feast,
The clan came trooping in.
O'er joint and gristle and padded hoof
We fought and clawed and tore,
And cheek by jowl, with many a growl,
We talked the marvel o'er.

And that was a million years ago,
In a time that no man knows;
Yet here tonight in the mellow light
We sit at Delmonico's.
Your eyes are as deep as the Devon springs,
Your hair is as dark as jet;
Your years are few, your life is new
Your soul untried as yet.

Our trail is on the Kimmeridge clay,
And the scars of the Purbeck flags;
We have left our bones in the Bagshot stones
And deep in the coraline crags;
Our love is old, our lives are old,
And death shall come again.
Should it came today, what man may say
We shall not live again?

God wrought our souls from the Tremadoc beds
And furnished them wings to fly;
He sowed our spawn in the world's dim dawn,
And I know it shall not die,
Though cities have sprung above the graves
Where the crooked-boned men made war,
And the ex-wain creaks o'er the buried caves
Where the mummied mammoths are.

Then as we linger at luncheon here,
O'er many a dainty dish,
Let us drink anew to the time when you
Were a tadpole and I was a fish.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

By Gen. William Lytle, who died a hero's death at Chickamauga in 1863.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arms, O, queen, enfold me;
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear.
Listen to the great heart secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman—
Die the great Triumvir still!

Let no Caesar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him;
'Twas his own that struck the blow—
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray—
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.
Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where my noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her; say the gods bear witness—
Altars, augurs, circling wings—
That her blood with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of the smile.
Give to Caesar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry.
They are coming—quick, my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee!
Cleopatra—Rome—farewell!

ASTERS.

With summer sun behind you,
With winter and shade before,
You crowd in your regal splendor
Through the autumn's closing door.
White as the snow that is coming,
Red as the rose that is gone,
Gold as the heart of the lilies,
Pink as the flush of the dawn.
Confident, winsome, stately,
You throng in the wane of the year,
Trooping an army with banners
When the leafless woods are sere.

Sweet is your breath as of spices
From a far sea island blown,
Chaste your robes as of vestals
Trimming their lamps alone.
Strong are your hearts and sturdy
The life that in root and stem
Smoulders and glows till it sparkles
In each flowery diadem.
Nothing of bloom and odor
Have your peerless legions lost,
Marching in fervid beauty
To challenge the death-white frost.

So to the eye of sorrow
Ye bring a flicker of light;
The cheek that was wan with illness
Smiles at your faces bright.
The children laugh in greeting,
And the dear old people say,
"Here are the self-same darlings
We loved in our young day."
As, summer and sun behind you,
Winter and shade before,
You crowd in your regal splendor
Through the autumn's closing door.

MY FATHER'S LETTERS.

I have letters from my Father
In my hand, in my hand,
Written by my Elder Brother—
They are grand, they are grand.
They were written o'er the sea,
And were forwarded to me;
I'm as happy as can be,
In this land.

Father told me in His letters,
They are grand, they are grand,
I could make myself no better
In this land, in this land.
Then I cried, What shall I do?
For I had not read them through,
And He made me all anew
In this land.

I'm a stranger to the nation
In this land, in this land,
They don't know my situation,
But it's grand, it is grand.
Father's riches all behold,
I have wealth that can't be told,
And my kindred ne'er get old.
In this land.

I am now a new creation
In this land, in this land;
I am free from condemnation,
It is grand, it is grand.
I can shout and sing and pray,
And be happy all the day,
And my soul can hardly stay
In this land.

I am not afraid of dying
In this land, in this land;
I will shout at Jesus' coming,
It is grand, it is grand.
All the world is dark as night,
But my father's face is bright,
For I'm walking in the light
In this land.

Death is called a cruel monster
In this land, in this land;
When he calls, I will not answer,
It is grand, it is grand.
I may leave at break of day,
And they'll find the empty clay,
And I wonder what they'll say
When I'm gone.

YOU'RE AS WELCOME AS THE FLOWERS IN MAY

Last night I dreamed a sweet, sweet dream;
I thought I saw my home, sweet home,
And Oh! how grand it all did seem!
I made a vow no more to roam,
By the dear old village church I strolled,
While the bells in the steeple sadly tolled,
I saw my daddy old and gray,
I heard my dear old mother say:

CHORUS.

You're as welcome as the flowers in May,
And we love you in the same old way,
We've been waiting for you day by day,
You're as welcome as the flowers in May.

I dreamed I saw my sweetheart, Bess,
And once again we pledged our love,
I listened to her low, sweet "yes,"
The moon was shining from above.
Then we talked of happy days of yore
And the day that I left my home hearth sore,
My thoughts are many miles away,
I long to hear my sweetheart say:

CHORUS.

You're as welcome as the flowers in May,
And we love you in the same old way,
We've been waiting for you day by day,
You're as welcome as the flowers in May.

MY OLD HOME.

Once more I see my dear old home,
Its hillsides and its streams,
Where first I lisped my mother's name,
And dreamed my brightest dreams.
In memory fond I wander back,
To scenes familiar there,
When first I heard my father's voice
Go up to God in prayer.

CHORUS.

My dear old home once more I see,
No more I'll roam away from thee.

The village church, whose lofty spire
Points upward to our rest,
Is standing in the same old spot
Where hundreds have been blest.
The burial plots behind its walls,
Are marked by many a stone,
Which tells us of departed friends
Whom we have called our own.

Oh! faithful scenes wherein I see
Much that prolongs the strife
Of living here, in hopes of what
I may not see in life.
For memory brings us back again
To scenes where childhood passed,
And points us to the vanished joys
Which were too pure to last.

WHO IS THE AUTHOR?

The name of the author who wrote the following verse is much wanted:

No rock is barren, no wild is wasted,
No shape uncouth or savage,
But in place excites an interest,
Or assumes a grace.
All to the painter purest joys impart,
Delight his eye, and stimulate his heart.

POEMS REQUESTED.

"The farmer sat in his easy chair,
smoking his pipe of clay," is a line of some verses wanted.

Can anyone send the poem to which these lines belong:

Have you heard, have you heard
Of the sunbright clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time?

Wanted—The poem entitled Bill and Joe; or, The Chimney Sweeps.

The poem is asked for which begins:

Muse, breathe the dirge o'er Della's tomb,
For her no more the roses bloom.

An Ode to Hasty Pudding is asked for. Some of the lines are:

I sing not thee, a softer theme I choose,
A virgin theme, unconscious of the muse.

A LITTLE CHAT.

Mrs. H. L. B.—In response to your inquiry concerning The Children, the poem commonly attributed to Charles Dickens, it is our pleasure to tell you its writer was Charles M. Dickenson, an American author, born in 1842. He practiced law from 1865 to 1877 in Binghamton and New York. In 1896 he was elected presidential elector, and has been hited States consul general to Turkey from 1897.

In 1889 he published a book of poems entitled The Children and Other Verses, the title poem or which has received remarkable popularity.

From one of our correspondents we have this: The poem, The Children, was not written by Charles Dickens, and the mistake attributing it to him came about through the similarity in names. Dickens always denied the authorship of the poem, although on one occasion he said to a friend he wished he was its author, as he admired it very much. I have a copy of the poem, published many years ago, with a portrait of the author, Mr. Dickenson. I have also a copy of a letter written by a son of Charles Dickens, emphatically setting forth that his father was not the author of the poem.—S. S. Mason.

A. J. Whittenberger.—Thank you for your appreciation. I'll ask for the poems immediately. You have a good voting record. Keep it up.—Editor.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

RETURNABLE GOODS.

Once little brother he was sick and then
The doctor that had brought
Him first, he came a lot
And I cried, 'cause I thought
He wanted little brother back again.
—By Edmund Vance Cooke.

PRESCRIBED CUTICURA

After Other Treatment Failed—Raw Eczema on Baby's Face Had Lasted Three Months.

AT LAST DOCTOR FOUND CURE

"Our baby boy broke out with eczema on his face when one month old. One place on the side of his face the size of a nickel was raw like beefsteak for three months, and he would cry at when I bathed the parts that were sore and broken out. I gave him three months' treatment from a good doctor, but at the end of that time the child was no better. Then my doctor recommended Cuticura. After using a cake of Cuticura Soap, a third of a box of Cuticura Ointment, and half a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent he was well and his face was as smooth as any baby's. He is now two years and a half old and no eczema has reappeared. Mrs. M. Harris, Alton, Kan., May 14 and June 12, 1907."

SERVIANS MADE ATTACK

Take Possession of Austrian Custom House on the Frontier—Large War Fund.

Berlin, Oct. 12.—The Lokal Anzeiger today publishes a dispatch from Belgrade saying that Servian customs officials, on the frontier, have taken forcible possession of an Austrian custom house and that the people of Belgrade have burned another Austrian flag on the public square.

According to this communication Servian customs officers from the town of Shabats, on the Save, went over to the island of Bajublitz, which is Hungarian territory, and drove out from the settlement there between thirty and forty Hungarian customs employes by threatening them with armed force. The Servians then took possession of the Hungarian customs station, which they continue to hold. They have been reinforced by Servian gendarmes. The people of Shabats are celebrating this event joyfully.

A band of Servian demonstrators boarded an Austrian steamer at Belgrade, tore down the national flag and carried it to Theatre Square, where it was burned.

The Servian government, the correspondent says in conclusion, appears to be unable to withstand the warlike tendencies of the people.

To Seize Islands.

London, Oct. 12.—The Daily Mail's Belgrade correspondent says that the fall of the Servian ministry is imminent, and that a coalition cabinet will be formed.

He also states that the Austrians are preparing to seize two islands in the Drina river on the Servo-Bosnian frontier. Rumors of war, he says, have caused a run on the Belgrade banks.

Vote Big War Fund.

Belgrade, Oct. 12.—At an extraordinary session of the skupshtina this morning the following resolution was unanimously passed:

"The skupshtina, after hearing the explanations of the government and the steps taken by it, expects vigorous activity will be displayed for the protection of the nation's threatened interests. With this object in view the skupshtina will support the government to the fullest extent."

The skupshtina has an encouraging telegram of greeting to the Montenegro national assembly, which met today, and voted an extraordinary credit of $3,200,000 to the ministry of war. Further important decisions are expected.

War Fever Is High.

Cettinje, Montenegro, Oct. 12.—The Montenegrin national assembly opened here today in extraordinary session. The war fever resulting from the annexation by Austria-Hungary of Bosnia and Herzegovnia, which already is running high, has been strengthened by a belligerent message to parliament from Prince Nicholas, who declared that the annexation of these two provinces had inflicted a crying wrong upon the people of Montenegro and that the people were prepared to sacrifice their last drop of blood unless the peaceful endeavors now on foot resulted in righting this grievance. The message was received with cheers and other demonstrations of approval.

Tear Down Austrian Arms.

Cettinje, Montenegro, Oct. 12.—During a demonstration in the streets yesterday a band of rioters tore down the coat-of-arms from the Austrian consulate.

Proclaimed "Czar."

Sofia, Bulgaria, Oct. 12.—Prince Ferdinand today entered Sofia and assumed the title "Czar of the Bulgarians." His arrival in the city was the signal for a wild demonstration. In an interview, "Czar" Ferdinand expressed surprise at Great Britain's attitude toward Bulgaria's independence.

All Favor Conference.

Constantinople, Oct. 12.—The porte has received replies from Great Britain, France, Italy and Russia, all favorable to the assembling of a European conference, and it is expected that Germany also will acquiesce in this Kiamil Pasha, the grand vizier, in a conversation with the Servian minister on Saturday, strongly advised prudence and moderation on the part of Servia. Demonstrations in protest against the Austro-Bulgarian movement continue to be held in the large towns throughout Turkey, 20,000 people gathering at Adrianople today for this purpose.

Appeal to President.

New York, Oct. 12.—Several hundred Servians met yesterday in the Amsterdam opera house and pledged themselves to give material aid to their countrymen if Servia goes to war with Austria over the latter's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

A resolution strongly protesting against such annexation was adopted and ordered cabled to King Peter and the Prince of Montenegro.

An appeal was sent to President Roosevelt to give moral support to Servia in its crisis.

Half a hundred sturdy men rushed to the front of the hall when Chairman Savo Tomanovich, editor of the Servian Patriot, called for volunteers to go back to their country and fight in case of war. Several leaders in the Servian colony in New York made speeches vigorously denouncing Austria, which were applauded with enthusiasm.

BIG FARM PAPER A WHOLE YEAR FREE

We will send you our great farm paper absolutely free for a whole year if you will do us a small favor. Just send us names and address of five good farmers and inclose 2-cent stamp. The Valley Farmer is a handsomely illustrated farm journal, established 15 years, edited by the ablest agricultural writers of the country, published on its own $20,000 rotary press by the largest publishing house in the West, and read by over a quarter of a million people, its circulation reaching every State in the Union. Address, with stamp, Valley Farmer, 220 Jackson st., Topeka, Kan.

SERVIANS BOMBARDED

Actual Warfare Is in Progress, Say Alarming Reports—Austria Is Ready.

Vienna, Oct. 10.—A message from Buda Pest says Servians have killed three Austrian gendarmes on the Bosnian frontier whereupon gunboats bombarded the Servians.

SITUATION IS CRITICAL

Paris, Oct. 10.—Official advices received here represent the situation between Servia and Austria-Hungary as extremely critical. Austria-Hungary has served notice that she will not tolerate further "provocation" and that she is prepared for eventualities should the Skupshtina today declare war or make an aggressive move.

The Fifteenth Austro-Hungarian army corps occupies the frontier along the Danube and a fleet of river gunboats is concentrating at Semlin.

France is using her utmost endeavor at Belgrade to restrain King Peter and the Servian government.

Further advices received at the foreign office indicate that the excitement among the population of Montenegro also is at fever heat, but there is no confirmation of the many alarming rumors published in the Paris newspapers this morning.

A local news agency prints an alleged dispatch from Belgrade to the effect that the Austro-Hungarian minister to Servia, Count Von Ghynes, has been assassinated. The report lacks confirmation and is discredited here.

The reports that President Fallieres and Premier Clemenceau have congratulated Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria on his declaration of independence are untrue.

Alarming Rumors.

Paris, Oct. 10.—The Paris papers are filled with alarming but unconfirmed rumors from the near east. Among them are the following:

That the Servians have blown up bridges along the Austrian frontier, that martial law has been declared, and that a Servian officer has been captured and shot.

From Cettinje come rumors that the Montenegrins burned Austrian flags in front of the palace and broke the windows of the Austrian consulate.

From Constantinople comes a story of anti-Christian agitations in Smyrna and rumors that the English, French and Italian consuls have asked their governments to send warships to the scene.

From Athens comes the rumor that Bulgarian agents are active in Macedonia, especially in the vicinity of Seres, distributing arms and inciting the populaton to insurrection.

A special dispatch to the Matin from Constantinople says that the editors of the Constantinople newspapers believe that war is inevitable.

Officials Anticipate War.

Belgrade, Oct. 10.—Even in official circles it is now believed that war is unavoidable.

M. Pasics, minister of war, in an interview with the Associated Press correspondent, declared the situation most critical, adding: "Hostilities can hardly be avoided."

A big mass meeting was held this morning, after which the demonstrators marched to the Skupshtina, the members of which are assembling, clamoring for war. The feeling among the members of the assembly is apparently warlike.

The news that the Austrian monitors, which are coming down the Danube, have reached the Servian frontier, is already beginning to alarm the people.

M. Iswalski in London.

London, Oct. 10.—The centre of diplomatic interest in the Balkan situation has been transferred from Paris to London by the arrival here of Iswalski, the Russian minister of foreign affairs, who purposes a conference with Sir Edward Grey, the British minister of foreign affairs, concerning the situation and particularly with regard to a concert of the powers to settle the outstanding difficulties.

M. Iswolski will remain in London for several days, and it is expected that there will be frequent conferences at the foreign office during his stay on the near eastern situation.

150,000 Troops Ready.

Vienna, Oct. 10.—Austria-Hungary military preparations are so complete that should it be found necessary, which is not anticipated, 150,000 men could be thrown across the Servian frontier in 24 hours. There are 10,000 men in garrison near the Drina river, between Bosnia and Servia, ready for any eventuality.

Warlike Sentiment.

Belgrade, Oct. 10.—The extraordinary session of the skupshtine, or national assembly, summoned to deal with the existing crisis, was opened this morning amid scenes of great excitement. The warlike sentiment of the delegates was very noticeable, and this spirit was given expression by the prompt election to the presidency of the assembly of Professor Jovanovits, one of the most prominent agitators in favor of war with Austria-Hungary.

Two Austrian flags were burned by a mob in Theatre square this morning.

Says It's a Plot.

Paris, Oct. 10.—The Journal Des Debats publishes a letter from what it calls "an unusually well informed sources," describing the Balkan situation as a veritable plot of which Emperor William is the real author, with Baron von Aehrenthal, the Austro-Hungarian foreign minister, a willing tool. It was the emperor's object to humiliate Great Britain as a friend of the new regime in Turkey and at the same time to inflict a blow on the "young Turks," whose ascendency threatened the German influence in the empire. Ferdinand and Bulgaria were drawn in, the writer of the letter declares in order to involve Russian sympathy and paralyze opposition from that quarter.

Ordered to Join Colors.

Budapest, Oct. 9.—According to information received here, the Servian Reservists have been ordered to join the colors October 11. It is reported also that Servian bands are being formed, and directions, consequently, have been given to guard the roads and the bridges on the Bosnian frontier.

Servian Cabinet Resigns.

Belgrade, Servia, Oct. 8.—Belgrade, a scene of confusion and warlike preparations, was further wrought up today when the resignation of the Servian cabinet, of which M. Velimirovics is premier, was announced.

A new ministry for national defense will be formed which will include the chiefs of the four political parties.

The enlistment of volunteers is proceeding in the open air in one of the public squares. Students from the university are enrolling recruits, who are being sworn in by the clergy. Enlisting parties are marching around the town with drums and trumpets, calling upon the populace to join the army.

WARSHIPS GO TO AEGEAN

England Explains Vessels Are to Watch Events, but It Is Believed Turkey Intimated They Would Be Welcome

London, Oct. 9.—The foreign office and the admiralty have confirmed the press cablegram from Malta saying that British warships have been ordered to the Aegean sea. It is explained that these vessels are sent out simply to watch events, but it is understood from other sources that Turkey intimated she would welcome the appearance of the British fleet as likely to calm the population.

Lemnos is an island of the Grecian archipelago, about 80 miles west of the entrance to the Dardanelles. It belongs to Turkey. The population mainly is Greek.

King Peter Threatened.

Belgrade, Servia, Oct. 9.—So highly incensed are the Servians over the action of Emperor Francis Joseph in annexing Bosnia and Herzegovina, and so clamorous are they for war, that they now threaten King Peter with the loss of his throne unless he takes up the sword against Austria-Hungary.

The Prayda, a leading newspaper, exhorts King Peter, saying: "Oh, king, rescue Bosnia; woe to you and yours if Bosnia is not rescued."

Great crowds again surrounded the palace shouting for war and calling for the king to appear. Finally King Peter, accompanied by the crown prince, went out on a balcony and implored the people not to cause disturbances.

It was reported today that the crown prince has announced his desire to lead an army into Bosnia. This was received with popular acclaim and the air is filled with war songs.

Frontier Bridges Guarded.

Vienna, Oct. 9.—That the Austrian government recognizes the possibility of war with Servia, the military precautions show. All the bridges over the Danube and the Save near the Servian frontier are heavily guarded, and four Danube river monitors have been concentrated at Buda-Pest. The newspapers contain warnings to Servia.

Austria's Negotiations.

Buda-Pest, Oct. 9.—Austria already has entered upon negotiations with the various powers for the recognition of the new kingdom of Bulgaria and the establishment of peaceful relations between Turkey and Bulgaria.

Baron von Aherenthal, the foreign minister, made this announcement in his speech at the opening sitting of the common delegates today.

Turk Fleet to Varna.

Constantinople, Oct. 9.—It is rumored today that the Turkish fleet has been ordered to mobilize and proceed to Varna, a Bulgarian port on the Black sea.

Cretans Take Oath.

Canea, Island of Crete, Oct. 9.—The members of the new government took the oath of loyalty to Greece yesterday afternoon, as did also the officers of the gendarmerie and the militia.

The consular body protested in principle against the declaration of union, but will confine itself to submitting the matter to the four protesting powers, Great Britain, Russia, France and Italy.

Summons Army Chiefs.

Paris, Oct. 8.—The Sofia correspondent of The Temps says in a dispatch that King Ferdinand has summoned the commander-in-chief of the Bulgarian army in conference.

The Bulgarian government considers that the last communication received from the grand vizier of Turkey is "insolent." The situation is very strained, the correspondent says, and great excitement prevails in Sofia.

BULGARIANS WERE TARTARS; SOME INTERESTING HISTORY

Bulgaria is a principality of Europe, bounded on the north by the Danube and Roumania, east by the Black sea, south by Turkey and west by Servia. Sofia is the capital. It has an area of 38,038 square miles. There is little mining, though the mountains are rich in minerals. The soil is excellent, and the sides of the mountains are richly wooded. The inhabitants, though not skilled in agriculture, export a considerable quantity of grain, chiefly wheat. Fruit and vegetables are raised in abundance. Roses are largely cultivated for the production of attar; 80,000 gallons of wine are made annually; silk worms are bred in some regions, and tobacco forms an important crop. Domestic industries are chiefly carpets, cloth, hosiery and ribbons.

The roads are very bad and there is but a single line of railroad, on the route between Vienna and Constantinople. All traffic is carried on by the rivers and the export trade by the Black sea.

The government is Christian. There is a national militia, and military service is compulsory.

Originally Tartar Nation.

The Bulgarians were originally a Tartar nation, which in the fourth century was settled on the Volga. The ruins of their former capital may still be seen in the neighborhood of Kazan. Their kingdom, which occupied a part of the Asiatic Sarmatia of the Greeks, was called Great Bulgaria, and is now comprehended in the Russian government of Orenburg. They afterward removed to the countries between the Bog and the Danube, and called their second territories the Second Bulgaria. The first Bulgarian kingdom south of the Danube was founded in the latter half of the seventh century, but the Bulgarians who established it were comparatively few in number, and after the adoption of Christianity in the ninth century they became completely mixed with the Slavonic inhabitants, though the whole became known as Bulgarians.

When this empire fell to pieces the western half formed a separate kingdom with Ochrida in Macedonia, as the capital, and the eastern half was subdued by the Byzantine emperor, John Zimisces, who reincorporated it with the empire. The western Bulgarian kingdom existed only until about 1018, when it was subdued by Basil II., "the slayer of the Bulgarians."

Toward the end of the 12th century, however, the Bulgarians revolted and managed to establish a third kingdom between the Balkan range and the Danube, which, sometimes weak and sometimes powerful, continued to exist until the advent of the Turks. The last ruler of this kingdom was conquered by Bajazet I. about 1390, and for nearly 500 years the Turks ruled supreme. In 1876 on account of the atrocities of the Turkish soldiers, a revolution broke out. Russia took the part of Bulgaria against the Turks and the war of 1877-8 followed.

Principality Constituted.

By the first article of the treaty of Berlin, July 13, 1878, the principality of Bulgaria was constituted, made tributary to Turkey and placed under the suzerainty of the sultan. In 1879 Alexander of Battenberg, a German prince, was chosen sovereign of Bulgaria, the rest being made a separate province called eastern Roumelia, to prevent Bulgaria becoming a strong state. In 1885 there was a revolution in eastern Roumelia, which annexed itself to Bulgaria. Servia intervened and Alexander was forced to abdicate. Against Russia's will, Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg accepted the vacant throne.

The government is that of a hereditary prince as chief executive, with ministers and an assembly (one for every 10,000), elected directly by the people for three years. It pays annual tribute to the sultan. The population is about 4,000,000, of which about 74 per cent are Bulgarians, 13 per cent Turks and the rest Spanish Jews, with a sprinkling of Greeks.

WRIGHT SELLS PATENT

French Syndicate Pays Him $100,000 on Fulfillment of Contract Terms.

Le Mans, Oct. 7.—Wilbur Wright, who, Saturday, established a world's record for an aeroplane flight, carrying one passenger, made a new record yesterday, when, under similar conditions, he remained in the air one hour four minutes and 26 seconds. His best previous record with a passenger was 55 minutes and 37 seconds.

Mr. Wright thus fulfills the conditions of the contract signed by him and Lazare Weiller, representing a syndicate, whereby Mr. Wright was required to make two flights within a week, with a passenger or equivalent in weight, of 50 kilometres. The contract calls for the payment to Mr. Wright of $100,000 by the syndicate, in return for which the syndicate secures the patent rights of the machine in France and the colonies.

Mr. Weiller has already given an order to a French manufacturer for 50 aeroplanes on the Wright model.

STORE BURNED BY ROBBERS

Man Is Killed in an Incendiary Fire.

Butler, Pa., Oct. 8.—At Hilliard, this county, yesterday, two store buildings and a residence owned by John Daly were destroyed, and Samuel Caplin, aged 35, was burned to death in a fire started by robbers, who looted the store and living quarters of Morris Sevicoss. Before blowing the safe the robbers evidently fired the building. Sevicoss awakened his wife and baby and let them down from the window by a rope. He then tried to enter the room where Caplin slept, but because of the stifling smoke was compelled to retreat.

THIRTEEN DIE IN BLAST

Village of Richford, Vt., Is Rocked by Explosion Causing Big Loss.

Richford, Vt., Oct. 8.—With a concussion which shook the entire village, a large grain elevator, having a capacity of 500,000 bushels, exploded last night, causing the death of twelve workmen and a woman.

The explosion blew off the roof of the building, scattering timbers in all directions, and almost instantly flames burst out all over the structure.

Twenty-one men were employed in the building. All lived in Richford.

Mrs. John Jellfore, who was walking with a companion along the Canadian Pacific railroad track, close to the elevator, was burned to death, and an unknown woman who was with her was burned so seriously that her life is despaired of.

The elevator was owned jointly by the Canadian Pacific and Boston & Maine railroads, and was occupied by the Quaker Oats company, of Chicago. The flames are supposed to have been started by spontaneous combustion in the dry dust of the grain. The heat set fire to a flour shed near the elevator, and the shed, together with seventy-five freight cars, were burned.

FIREMAN KILLED, EIGHT HURT

Burning Walls of Buffalo Elevator Collapse.

Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 8.—One fireman was killed and eight were injured in collapse of the burning walls of a small grain elevator on Broadway last night. The elevator and a flour and feed mill owned by A. Nowak & Son were destroyed, causing a loss of about $100,000. The dead fireman was Joseph Schellhamer.

TROUBLED EUROPEAN CAPITALS

Troops Mobilizing.

London, Oct. 8.—A dispatch to the Times from Vienna says that it is learned from a trustworthy quarter that the Austro-Hungarian minister of war has ordered the four army corps, those at Hermannstadt, Temesvar, Szegedin and Agram respectively, to prepare for mobilization.

Continuing the dispatch says: "According to all authentic information obtainable, Austria-Hungary is by no means anxious for the holding of an international congress, and would only attend such a congress after obtaining guarantees as to its functions, scope and probable action."

KEEFE OUT FOR TAFT

Longshoreman Leader Says He Is True Friend of Labor.

Columbus, O., Oct. 12.—From the tone of a letter received Saturday by Attorney General Wade H. Ellis from Daniel J. Keefe, of Detroit, Mich., president of the I. L. M. and T. A., better known as the 'Longshoremen's association, one of the strongest labor bodies in the country, and sixth president of the American Federation of Labor, all of the leading toilers of America are not in accord with Samuel Gompers in his support of William J. Bryan.

In plain language, Mr. Keefe declares that the members of the federation are not committed to any candidate and are at liberty to vote as they please, without fear of criticism.

He pays a glowing tribute to William H. Taft, saying that "he has done more to enforce laws in favor of organized labor than all of his predecessors."

The letter is as follows:

"I am of the belief that the general public does not fully understand the position of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor in the present campaign. The policy of the labor movement is non-partisan, and is as follows:

"We desire to refute the aspersions that have been cast upon the executive council, and particularly one of its members, President Gompers.

"It is not our purpose, or his, to dictate to the working people of our country how they shall cast their votes in the coming election, nor has anyone promised the vote of the working people to any particular party.

Up to Individuals.

"We have strongly, clearly and emphatically, as it was our duty, presented the situation in which the working people of the country find themselves, the demands which labor has made upon both political parties as to necessary action which they should take; the treatment they have received, and have appealed to the judgment and patriotism of the working people and the friends of labor throughout the country, since both political parties have spoken, to make their choice as their conscience may dictate.

"The misrepresentation of newspapers and others to the contrary notwithstanding, we respect and insist, and we have so concluded and propose to so conduct our course that the labor movement shall remain as free and independent from political partisan domination as it has ever been in its history.

"The foregoing does not commit the American Federation of Labor to any political party, and is non-partisan, which permits union men to vote for whom they may please for President and other offices, without fear of criticism. All of which I most heartily indorse.

"Some members of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor, no doubt, will support and vote for Mr. Bryan, which is their individual right.

"I shall support and vote for Mr. Taft, who was admitted to membership in the International Brotherhood of Steam Shovel and Dredge Men on account of his strong advocacy of the enforcement of the eight-hour law on all government work coming under the jurisdiction of the war department, and if the eight-hour day did not become an established fact in connection with dredge work, it was the fault of the workmen and not the fault of the secretary of war.

"I might further add that Mr. Taft, as secretary of war, has done more to enforce laws in favor of organized labor than all his predecessors."

Mr. Keefe is an old friend of Attorney General Ellis.

WOMEN CRUSHED

Hundreds Faint While They View Historical Parade in Quaker City.

Philadelphia, Oct. 10.—Like pages out of the past, torn from the great book of history and heavy laden with the memories of 225 years, the living scenes of the first great historical pageant ever planned in this country were unfolded yesterday before three-quarters of a million people.

In this wonder drama of the centuries, the culminating feature of Philadelphia's notable celebration of Founders' Week, there were 5,000 men and women in costume. There were seventy mammoth floats. All the romance, all the legendry, all the rugged history of the days of long ago were comprehensively grouped in this notable display.

Hundreds of Women Faint.

People fought to get a glimpse of it, and hundreds of women were taken crushed and fainting from the congested corners. Every ambulance in the city was brought into play and every hospital was filled. The eight miles of grand stand were fairly stormed by ticketholders. Through the long chain of events the pageant made its way in a wealth of color and a fidelity to historic authority. Following the scenes of early settlement came the period of William Penn and the Quakers. Benjamin Franklin soon followed Penn upon the scene.

Gaze Upon Washington.

It was not long until the spectators found themselves gazing upon Washington, Jefferson, Lafayette, John Paul Jones, Rochambeau and others in the various scenes of their patriotic activities. They looked upon Betsy Ross as she toiled upon the flag.

Then out of all of this pageantry of make believe came a touch of real history.

It was the old Liberty bell.

On a carefully guarded truck and partly buried in straw, the old relic was shown as it was being hurried away to Allentown in a hay wagon for safekeeping in 1777.

On the heels of the departing bell came the entrance of the British troops into Philadelphia under Sir William Howe and Lord Cornwallis, both of whom were pictured in the parade.

The pageant was prepared entirely at the city's expense and there was no stinting anywhere for want of money.

SAYS SON WAS MURDERED

Mother Identifies Body of Boy Who Was Drowned.

Belford, N. J., Oct. 9.—The body of a 7-year-old boy, which was washed ashore Tuesday, was identified today as that of Harold McCloud, who disappeared mysteriously from his home in Brooklyn ten days ago. The identification was made by the child's mother, who had insisted from the first that Harold was kidnaped.

Mrs. McCloud today told the coroner she is certain the child was carried away by his father, who, she said, is not her husband.

Mrs. McCloud said that ten days after she had talked with this man the boy was enticed to a cab occupied by a man and a woman and hurriedly driven away. She said she believes the lad was murdered, but the coroner said an examination of the body revealed nothing leading to suspicion of foul play. He has not yet decided whether to order an inquest.

WIND BLEW 100 MILES.

Steamer Philadelphia Runs Into Hurricane.

San Juan, P. R., Oct. 10.—The Red D Line steamer Philadelphia, from New York October 1 for this port, came in late last night. She ran into a hurrican on Monday. The wind rose to 100 miles an hour and the Philadelphia was blown off her course in the direction of Bermuda. The steamer had to heave to for 36 hours. Captain Perry was thrown down and had two of his ribs broken, and the chief engineer also was hurt, but not seriously. The passengers are all well.

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*Write for our book, A Fair Customer, and price list sealed.

FILIPINOS KILL AMERICAN

Charles H. Trotter, Contractor, Slain With Bolos.

Manila, Oct. 9.—Charles H. Trotter, an American, and Vicente Toledo and Jose Canayan, Spaniards, were killed last Wednesday near Lubao, in the province of Pampagna, by a party of Filipinos. The men were murdered with bolos and their bodies were mutilated.

Trotter was a contractor and land owner and had had trouble over land with a Filipino who led the party which kill d Trotter and his companions.

The Filipinos assert that Trotter and his companions were the aggressors, but American neighbors say that the murder was deliberately plotted by the Filipinos, who waylaid the party and provoked a quarrel.

BODIES WIRED TOGETHER

Man and Woman Floating in Jamaica Bay.

New York, Oct. 10.—A mystery which promises to tax the ingenuity of the police department before it is unraveled, came to light today, when the bodies of a well-dressed man and woman, bound securely together with wire, were found floating in Jamaica Bay. The bodies have not been identified.

Both had their valuables intact. The woman's chatelaine bag was even wired to her wrist, but there was nothing on either one to aid the police in identification. The bodies had not been in the water more than six hours.

The man was apparently 45. In his pockets were a gold watch and chain and $4.38 in cash. The woman was about 35, and good looking. Her brown hair was tinged with gray. She wore a wedding ring. Her long black gloves and $10 in small bills were in her chatelaine bag.

NO MORE BALD HEADS.

Keene, Hair Specialist, Says Baldness Is Unnecessary, and Proves It.

Baltimore, Oct. 14.—The interest incident to the wonderful work that is being accomplished in this city by William Charles Keene, president of the Lorrimer Institute, continues unabated. Many cases of baldness and faded hair of years' standing have been remedied by the remarkable preparation being distributed from Mr. Keene's laboratory, and its fame is spreading far and wide and thousands of persons are using this remarkable hair food with gratifying results.

What makes this treatment more popular is the fact that free trial outfits are sent by mail prepaid. Those who wish to try it are strongly advise to write to Mr. Keene at the Lorrimer Institute, Branch 66, Baltimore, Md. They will receive the full trial outfit free of charge and much useful information about the hair which will put them on the road to a rapid and certain improvement.

SHONTS FOR RAILROADS

Tells Waterway Convention Grave Danger Lies in Commission Rule.

Chicago, Oct. 9.—"In the physical operation of railways by commission lies the greatest danger the country is facing today," said Theodore P. Shonts, president of the Clover Leaf-Alton railway and former chairman of the Panama canal commission, who spoke before thee Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep Waterway association yesterday on "The Future of Rail and River Transportation." He said in part:

"The widening and deepening of the waterway between the lakes and the gulf has become a matter of national and international importance. It will not only develop the Mississippi valley until it becomes as great in manufacture as it is in agriculture; but it will aid in the further progress of the entire nation.

Railways Not Unfriendly.

"I think I fairly represent the general sentiment of their officers when I say that the railroads of the country do not lok upon your enterprise with unfriendly eyes, because we realize that this work finished will make it possible, and nothing else short of the expenditure of appalling sums of money could, for us to handle the commerce which is certain to follow the return and firm establishment of national prosperity."

He expressed himself in the favor of necessary laws which provide for wise regulation of railroads, and then discussed the physical operation of railroads by commissions. "Therein," said Mr. Shonts, "lies the greatest danger which our country faces today. The danger is not in the commissions as they are now made up, but in the law itself; in the fear on the part of the investors in railroad securities that the management of their properties will be taken out of the trained hands which now direct them and placed in charge of men who know nothing of railroad operation.

Thrown Into Politics.

"Railroads have no business in politics, but if the present tendency is not checked they will ultimately be thrown into the hands of the politicians and become their prey. It is the principle of the operation of railroads by commissions which we are all interested in just now, and I insist that it is a grievous and vicious wrong that it amounts in the end to confiscation of property without due process of law, and that it is wholly un-American."

Mr. Shonts declared because of hostile legislation railroad development of the country is at a complete standstill, and said there can be no return of prosperity that will stay with us until the railroads are fairly treated.

"Rather than see this anomalous condition become general and permanent," he said, "I, as a railroad man, would prefer government ownership and operation of the railroads, dangerous as that would be for the maintenance of our liberty."

Business at the closing session was transacted today at a rapid rate. The old officers were re-elected, with the exception of D. R. Forgan, of Chicago, as a member of the board of governors. Mr. Forgan retired in favor of E. S. Conway, Chicago. New Orleans had no opposition for the next convention.

COMPLETE LARGE DAM

Reservoir Covering 1,600 Acres Being Filled.

South Bend, Ind., Oct. 10.—The Indiana and Michigan Electric company has dropped the gates of its mammoth dam at Berrien Springs, Mich., and begun filling the reservoir from which it will obtain power for its Indiana lines and other accessories. The dam, when fully completed and in commission, will be one of the most valuable and perfect sources of water power in the middle west.

It is one of a chain of dams on the St. Joseph river, all controlled by one company. One dam is located at Elkhart, another at Hen Island, near South Bend, another at Buchanan, Mich., and the one now so nearly completed at Berrien Springs. It is planned to put in another near the Michigan state line.

The construction of the dam cost more than $1,000,000, and the first work was done July 2, 1907. When the basin is filled the lake will cover an area of about 1,600 acres and the water covered area will be ten and a half miles long. It will be 2,600 feet wide at the widest point and 600 at the narrowest.

The power generated will be transmitted to St. Joseph, Mich., South Bend, Mishawaka and Elkhart. Power from the dam will also be used for operating the Murdock traction lines between Goshen and Michigan City and by the Southern Michigan line between South Bend and St. Joseph.

The company, on account of having oversold its power from the other dams, has been operating a 3,000 horsepower steam plant in South Bend to take care of its business, but with the completion of the big dam this plant will be closed.

PROVE CHARGES

Director of Canal Work Tells About Placing of Cableway Contracts.

New York, Oct. 10.—Col. George W. Goethals, general director of the Panama canal work, was placed on the witness stand yesterday in the inquiry conducted before Inspector General Garlington, into charges of discrimination and favoritism in awarding cableway contracts for the canal by government officials.

William A. Brothers, who brought the charges, had publicly accused Spencer Miller, a representative of the Lidgerwood Manufacturing company of perjury, and had followed this by the charge that the inquiry was not being conducted on fair lines.

Goethals on Defensive.

Col. Goethals, in a voice that betrayed his deep feeling, entered into a defense of the manner in which the cableway contracts had been awarded. He read letters from H. H. Rousseau, reporting the hearing given to bidders and recommending another advertising for bids. The bidders were notified that no award had been made, the letters showed, but that the bids would not be formally refused until Spencer Miller had been given an opportunity to explain a matter in connection with the Lidgerwood company bids. After an interview with Mr. Miller, Col. Goethals says, Mr. Rousseau recommended that it would be to the advantage of the government if the Lidgerwood company could be granted the contract.

This was not satisfactory, Col. Goethals testified, as he feared that if the award was thus made Messrs. Woods and Delaney, representing other bidders, would claim that he had acted unfairly, so all the bids were rejected.

Says Charges Unfounded.

"If an attempt has been made to prove collusion between the Lidgerwood company, or any other company, and myself, I deny any foundation for it," said Col. Goethals.

The charges that the specifications advertised in the second bid had limited the bidding to two companies was then taken up by Col. Goethals and he named nine other companies which he said were competent to be bidders. The elimination of all but the Lidgerwood bid was explained by the witness at considerable length.

"A matter I want placed on record," said the witness, "is the visit to my office of Mr. Wood, of the New York Cableway and Engineering company. Mr. Wood asked if it would be any use for his firm to bid on other works. He said he had been told on the isthmus that his firm could never do any work down there. I told him that his informant was a damned liar, and that in case his informant came to my office I would tell him the same thing."

$75,000 SLIDES INTO RIVER

Portion of New Orleans River Front Caves In.

New Orleans, Oct. 10.—Seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of railroad property slid into the Mississippi river today, when a section of earth 300 feet long and 200 feet wide, caved in between Washington avenue and Fourth street, carrying along seven freight cars and four lines of railroad tracks.

Undermining the bank by high water was the cause. The cars and two tracks belonged to the Illinois Central railroad, and the other two tracks belonged to the Public Belt railroad.

AUTHOR AND BANKER DEAD

Elbridge Henry Goss Wrote Life of Paul Revere.

Melrose, Mass., Oct. 10.—Elbridge Henry Goss, author and banker, died yesterday of pneumonia, aged 78. Mr. Goss had been treasurer of the Melrose Savings bank for 24 years and was the author of numerous historical works, the best known of which is a life of Paul Revere, which he wrote in 1891.

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To introduce our popular farm paper into all parts of the United States we are making a remarkable offer. Send us 10 cents for a three months' trial subscription to our popular magazine and we will send at once, a set of ten (all different) beautiful, silk embossed and highly colored Floral and Birthday Post Cards. Anyone who will send us 25 cents for a full year's subscription will be sent at once three sets (30 cards) all different, of these fine Birthday and Floral Motto cards. Every card is a beauty. Not a cheap card in the entire lot. A choice variety, including Post Cards for little tots, older children and grownups, showing the handsomest floral designs ever offered. Other cards for older people have a pleasing verse or sentiment expressed by a great mind, or beautiful friendship greetings and words of good cheer. Better send 25 cents for a year's subscription and get three sets of these handsome embossed cards and post card catalog. **How to Get Your Own Cards Free** See two of your friends; get them to order at 25 cents each, send us the money, and we will send your own cards (three sets) and subscription free for your trouble. Money returned if not satisfied. Write today. Valley Farmer, Dept. 78, Topeka, Kan.

PRINCES INCITE PEOPLE

Crown Prince George of Servia and Peter of Montenegro Demand Hostilities.

Vienna, Oct. 13.—The inflammatory speeches of Crown Prince George, of Servia, who is inciting the people to war, while his father, King Peter, has observed the attitude of caution, causes considerable uneasiness in official circles in Belgrade, according to despatches received here. There is less fear of a war than of a dynastic crisis and an attempt to place the crown prince on the throne. The Servian premier has tried vainly to suppress the crown prince, for it is feared that he may lead bands of volunteers against Bosnia, or do something equally rash.

Promised Support.

Belgrade, Servia, Oct. 13.—It is said in political circles that Great Britain and France have promised Servia their moral support if she maintains a peaceful course and have suggested also that Servia might be given the Sanjak of Novipazar, with Turkey's consent.

Prince Peter, of Montenegro, son of the reigning prince, Nicholas I, has telegraphed to Crown Prince George, of Servia, saying, "I am delighted at the spirited and very practical words you yesterday spoke to an equally enthusiastic gathering of our dear brethren. I cordially embrace you, dear cousin, and pray God we soon may meet on the crimson field." Prince George has sent the following message in reply:

"Your kind words have deeply touched me. Ever true to the ideals of our beloved Serb nationality, I am rejoiced beyond measure at the opportunity given me to participate even in the most modest way in the enthusiastic and united expression of patriotic feeling of our dear brethren."

England Changes Front.

London, Oct. 13.—It is claimed that M. Iswolsky, the Russian foreign minister, has succeeded in impressing upon Sir Edward Grey, the British secretary for foreign affairs, the necessity that not only should a conference of the powers be held to settle the crisis in the near east, but that this conference should take under advisement other questions besides those involved in the annexation by Austria of Bosnia and Herzegovina and the declaration of Bulgarian independence.

This change of front on the part of Great Britain which has caused great surprise, was announced by the foreign office at the conclusion of a long conference between Sir Edward Grey and M. Iswolsky, after a meeting of the cabinet, at which Sir Edward set forth the position he had taken and explained the views of the Russian foreign ministers.

VENEZUELA IS READY

Big Sea Coast Defense Guns Are Ready for an Emergency.

Caracas, Oct. 13.—Venezuela is being prepared to resist invasion and the big coast defense guns have been made ready for an emergency.

With the knowledge that warlike preparations are being pushed by President Castro, comes the publication of the note of The Netherlands of August 20th, in which the minister of foreign affairs answers Venezuela's communication telling of the summary dismissal of Minister de Reus from Caracas. The note says in part:

"The revocation of the decree of May 14 is demanded in the most energetic manner—the government of Venezuela just from this moment and without delay fulfil the protocol of 1894—and not prolong the intolerable state of affairs which it has created by the decree of May 14.

"Recently my attention has again been called to new complaints, apparently well founded, concerning the arbitrary and illicit actions of Venezuelan functionaries, for example: The seizure on the high seas of ships flying the Netherlands flag by Venezuelan vessels, and I have been informed by cable of acts of your chief of state towards the representatives of the Netherlands government unfriendly to the highest degree."

Venezuela will take the stand, that, until a satisfactory apology and indemnization is forthcoming from the Netherlands government for the insulting letter of the late Minister de Reus and for the stoning of the Venezuelan consul by the Curacao mob, Holland has no right at all to make any demands of this country, especially in the nature of those made in the Dutch note, which interfere with the right enjoyed by free nations to make their own commercial laws. Nobody who knows General Castro believes that this demand will have any other effect than still further to incense Venezuela's executive against Curacao, and nobody would be at all surprised if his answer was more vigorous and determined than the Netherlands government expects or will like.

FINDS NEW PHTHISIS CURE

Paris Professor Cures 10 Out of 11 Patients.

Paris, Oct. 13.—Prof. Lannelongue, of the University of Paris, has discovered an anti-tubercular serum which is said to be the most efficacious remedy of the kind ever used. Of eleven phthisical patients inoculated with the new serum ten have either been cured or have shown improvement. Further experiments are expected to show even better results.

SUBJECTS THREATEN HIM

KING PETER I. OF SERVIA.

Servians threaten to dethrone him if he does not declare war against Austria-Hungary.

IN FEAR OF ANNEXATION

Report That Japs Are to Take Immediate Action Stirs Hermit Kingdom.

Seoul, Oct. 13.—Koreans are stirred and the deepest concern is felt over the widely circulated reports that Japan is to immediately annex Korea.

These reports gained circulation after a series of conferences held at Tokio between Marquis Ito, Premier Katsura and Viscount Terauchi, minister of war. It is said that the cabinet council will be called to consider various questions and decide upon future action.

It has just been learned that 22 members of the Ichinhoi, an organization of Koreans favorable to Japan, were killed by Japanese gendarmes at Cholado a few days ago. The affair has been kept quiet, but has occasioned much uneasiness because it might be considered as a ruthless slaughter of unoffending Koreans by the Japanese soldiers and calculated to confirm previous reports of unnecessary cruelty practiced by the Japanese in Korea.

The matter has been reported by Marquis Ito, resident general of Korea, who is now in Tokio.

The "Ichinhoi" were marching to a shrine when shot down.

Has Censorship.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 13.—The Japanese government has established a strict censorship over all communications between Koreans in this country and friends or relatives in their native land, according to the Rev. R. S. Ryang, a Korean minister of the Methodist faith. Rev. Mr. Ryang has interested himself in the case of the Korean who shot Durham W. Stevens here several months ago, and whose trial will commence on November 18. It is said that Korean papers published here containing accounts of the shooting and the subsequent death of Stevens have been forbidden entry to Korea, and that every copy of the Korean Daily News, which contained the Korean emperor's protest against the Japanese treaty, has been destroyed.

A copy of the publication, which was discovered in this country and which was to have been offered in evidence at the trial, has been lost.

Ready to Insult U. S.

Boston, Oct. 13.—Declaring that Japan was ready to make insulting demands on the United States did she dare and that the only way to guard against such was to increase our navy, United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge launched into a stirring and vigorous plea for a bigger and better navy in a Republican ratification meeting in Tremont Temple last night, held under the auspices of the Republican club of Massachusetts.

REGAINING USE OF BODY

Condition of John W. Kern, Jr., Is Showing Improvement.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 13.—John W. Kern, Jr., afflicted with what the doctors term infantile paralysis, is a patient little sufferer at his home. When the boy was brought home from Michigan recently he was unable to move his arms or legs. He is now gradually regaining the use of his body. At no time has the sense of touch been absent. The parents are assured by the physicians that while the boy's recovery will be slow, he will eventually regain complete use of his limbs.

GEN. ABBOTT IS DEAD.

Washington, Oct. 10.—General Ira C. Abbott, formerly collector of internal revenue in Michigan, and for many years clerk in the pension bureau, died at his home here yesterday after a protracted illness. He was 84 years old. Gen. Abbott was a native of Burns, New York, was for some years postmaster at Burr Oak, Mich., served throughout the civil war and was brevetted brigadier general for his splendid record on the battlefields. He was president of the Michigan State association in this city, and other patriotic organizations.

WRIGHT MAKES FLIGHT.

Le Mans, Oct. 10.—Wilbur Wright made six short flights in his aeroplane last evening. Among the passengers carried by him were Lazare Weiller and M. Deutch de la Meurthe. The machine rose to a height of 90 feet during the evolutions.

Free Receipt For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together. I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and, so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Mr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

FAMINE FOLLOWS STORM

Vegetation Destroyed on Nassau Island.

Nassau, Wednesday, Oct. 13.—Another hurricane, the second in the past 28 days, swept over this island October 1, and the wind, which blew from the southeast and south with a force of 80 miles or more an hour, was accompanied by torrential rains. The whole island is still practically under water.

The loss to shipping was very severe, several large schooners having been blown to sea, where they foundered.

It would appear the hurricane came up from near Porto Rico and split into two storms, or that another hurricane developed at the same time in these waters. Several of the islands which were devastated by the storm of September 11-14 were again swept, and there are now only the two islands of Adros, to the west, and Grand Bahama, to the northwest, out of the whole group that have not suffered damage.

Many of the finest gardens in the place were destroyed. The orange and grape fruit crops are almost totally destroyed, and the sisal crop is badly injured. The local government will have to feed a very large number of persons for several months.

3,000 FEET WRIGHT'S AIM

Ohio Aeronaut to Attempt Flights for Height.

Paris, Oct. 13.—According to the Paris newspapers Wilbur Wright, the aviator, has told Lazare Weiller, head of the syndicate that has purchased the French rights to the Wright Brothers' machine, that as soon as he has completed his contract with the syndicate by instructing three pilots, he will attempt some flights for height.

There is no reason, he is reported to have said, why he should not go up to a height of 3,000 feet. He also spoke of trying some flights without the motor and without the derrick, which are now required to start the aeroplane.

GIRL HEIRESS KIDNAPED

Stolen While on Street With Her Grandmother.

Chicago, Oct. 13.—Margaret Frances Mitchell, 8 years old, said to be an heiress to a fortune of $250,000, was kidnaped yesterday while on the street with her grandmother. The little girl was snatched by one of three men in an automobile and taken away after the grandmother, Mrs. Caroline F. Mitchell, had been knocked down. The police are working on a clew that the child was taken out of the city, probably to Sparta, N. C. The kidnaping is said to be the climax of a prolonged struggle for possession of the girl.

She has been living with her father, Robert Mitchell, at 4089 St. Lawrence avenue, while the mother, Mrs. Margaret B. Mitchell, has lived separately. The fortune was left to the girl by her mother's father.

According to the story told to the police by the grandmother, threats of kidnaping previously had been made, and because of this she always accompanied the girl to and from school. She urged the police to search at Sparta, where, it is said, the mother recently lived.

MOTHER DEAD, BABY SAVED

Beam Which Took One Life Saved Another.

Philadelphia, Oct. 12.—An explosion that occurred in an nearby factory more than six years ago, it is declared, caused the collaspe of two dwellings in the northern section of the city yesterday in which one person was killed and several severely injured.

Mrs. Mary Heffner, 20, was the victim of the accident. She was caught by a falling beam while going to rescue her six-weeks-old baby. Her neck was broken. The baby was buried under the falling plaster, but the beam which killed the mother prevented the debris from crushing out the infant's life.

Louis Heffner, the husband, was severely cut and bruised and Mrs. Mary O'Connor, 65, sustained a double fracture of the leg. Other tenants escaped serious injury.

AN ALLIANCE IS PLANNED

To Conserve Interests of Nations in Far East.

Hong Kong, Oct. 10.—It is learned here from a reliable source that the real reason of Sir Robert Hart's recent visit to England was to bring about an alliance between China, the United States and Great Britain to conserve the interests of the nations in the far east.

WOMEN FAINT IN THEATRE

Twenty-five Swoon in Rush for Seats.

Baltimore, Oct. 12.—At the Lyric last night a large crowd assembled to attend the closing evangelistic meeting of a series conducted by Gypsy Smith. When the doors were opened there was a scramble for places and in the crush twenty-five women fainted. None were injured, however, and all were soon able to go to their homes.

$100,000 FOR HOME RULE

Redmond and Associates Return to Ireland.

New York, Oct. 9.—John E. Redmond, M. P., and John Fitzgibbon, who came here to raise funds for the Home Rule party, returned to Ireland yesterday. The third member, Joseph E. Devlin, M. P., was left behind to complete the work of organizing the Irish League. Mr. Redmond says that $100,000 has been raised for the advancement of Irish autonomy.

CITY CLOSED BY DROUTH

Every Plant in Vicinity of Richwood, W. Va., Idle.

Richwood, W. Va., Oct. 7.—Practically every manufacturing plant is idle in this vicinity and over 1,000 men out of work on account of the drouth. Following a long dry spell rain fell about a month ago, but had little effect.

SIX KILLED IN A CAVE-IN

Mexican Miners Meet Death in Cananea Accident.

El Paso, Texas, Oct. 8.—In a cavein yesterday in the Cananea-Duluth mine at Cananea, Mex., six Mexican miners were killed.

BAPTISTS MAY UNITE.

Hillsdale, Mich., Oct. 10.—The college church at a special meeting voted in favor of a union with the denomination known as "regular" Baptists. The college church is the representative Free Baptist church of Michigan, and the question of union of the two denominations has been agitated for a number of years. The proposition will be decided the latter part of this months, when votes can be taken in all Free Baptist churches in America. Dr. Henry M. Ford, of this city, corresponding secretary of the Free Baptist denomination, has been active in promoting the union movement, which is considered significant in church affairs of today.

REWARD FOR "RIDERS"

Governor Willson Makes Extreme Appeal to the People of Kentucky.

Frankfort, Ky., Oct. 13.—In offering $500 reward for the apprehension and conviction of the gang of night riders who attacked a negro, A. Walker, in his home in Hickman county last week, and slew him, his wife and two children, Gov. Willson yesterday made an extreme appeal to the people of the state to "arise in their might," and put down such lawlessness. The governor says:

"If two or three men had gone to this poor cabin and murdered this family, the crime would have shocked humanity with its revelation of increditable wickedness, brutality and dastardly cowardice. That a larger number—some fifty men—joined in such a crime, multiplies its cowardliness and wickedness fifty fold and makes every member of the band guilty of murder in the first degree, the basest, wickedest and most cowardly, inhuman murder conceivable in mortal mind.

"This crime and the stain on Kentucky of the murder of four helpless prisoners at Russellville, both by bands of night riders, is an outgrowth and the logical result of the toleration of night rider crimes in the state. It is only one remote from civil war, and the very safety of our institutions and what we have of civilization is involved, and the only salvation for the name and honor and character of Kentucky is for the whole people to rise up in their might to save their liberty, uphold their law mercilessly, put down murder, arson, intimidation and proscription wherever they dare show themselves."

The governor calls upon the people to assemble in their respective neighborhoods in the counties to organize, "and to take stern, prompt and effective measures to punish every cowardly scoundrel who rides the roads to threaten his neighbors, to put an immediate end to lynching, murder and arson."

THREE TRAINS WRECKED

Passenger Runs Into Debris of Yard and Switch Engines.

Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 13.—Three trains were wrecked in the New York Central yards near the Black Rock station last night. A yard engine with a string of cars attached, a freight train coming into the city, and Michigan Central passenger train No.3, were in the mix-up, which resulted in the fatal injury of John W. Kimney, engineer of the switch engine, who was caught between the tender and boiler. The switch engine and freight train collided and both engines were ditched. The Michigan Central passenger train came along and crashed into the wreckage, the debris caught fire, but the coaches were pulled out of danger.

TUBERCULOSIS CONGRESS

Ends Work and Meeting at Washington Adjourns.

Washington, Oct. 13.—"Do not expectorate on the streets and do not allow others to do so."

With this injunction by Dr. John S. Fulton, secretary general of the International Congress on Tuberculosis, the world's exposition on tuberculosis was officially declared closed at 9:30 o'clock last night by Dr. Henry G. Beyer, medical inspector of the navy, and chairman of the committee on exhibition.

The exposition, which has been in progress for the past three weeks was terminated without formality. There was an address by Dr. Fulton and a stereopticon lectue by Dr. Herbert D. Pease, of Albany, N. Y., director of the hygienic laboratory of the department of health of New York, who illustrated the cause and effect of the germ of consumption, how the bacilli are transmitted from one person to another and how to prevent the disease.

NOTABLE MISSION MEETING

Delegates From All Parts of the Globe Gather in Brooklyn.

New York, Oct. 13.—Lacking only one year of being the centennial convention, the annual meeting of the board of commissioners for foreign missions, which began in Brooklyn today, will be distinguished by what promises to be a record attendance.

Delegates to take part in the four day deliberations have come from the furthermost ends of the earth, and many are the countries which will be represented by American missionaries and native clergymen in the notable gathering.

"Christian Leadership in the Making of Nations", will be discussed by President Charles F. Thwing, of the Western Reserve university, at Cleveland, Ohio. President Howard S. Bliss, of the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, Syria, and the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman of Brooklyn.

COL. TUCKER IS ARRESTED

Wife, Daughter of Gen. Logan, Says He Deserted Her.

Decatur, Ill., Oct. 13.—Col. M. C. Tucker, United States army, was arrested here on a Wabash train today, charged with deserting his wife, daughter of the late General John A. Logan.

The arrest was made by Sergeant Walter O'Brien, of the Chicago police department. Colonel Tucker, who was ill and could not be taken off the train, agreed to return without requisition papers. He was accompanied by a woman for whom he is alleged to have deserted his wife.

WROTE BLACK HAND NOTE

New Hampshire Man Is Sent to Penitentiary.

Clinton, Ia., Oct. 13.—Alfred Paul, 22, said to be a resident of New Hampshire, yesterday was convicted of attempted extortion by threats and sentenced to penitentiary for an indeterminate term. The conviction followed Paul's attempt to extort $500 from A. G. Smith, a Clinton banker, by writing a Black Hand letter.

EUROPE IS IN FERMENT

Crete Has Proclaimed a Union With Greece—Austria's Grab.

Canea, Island of Crete, Oct. 7.—The events in southeastern Europe had their effects here today when the people of Crete proclaimed the union of the island with Greece.

Since the Grecian war of 1897 Crete has been under the yoke of the Sultan of Turkey and this step only adds another complication to the already badly mixed political conditions in Europe.

Decide to Protest.

Constantinople, Oct. 7.—The council of ministers has decided to protest against the annexation of the provinces of Rosnia and Herzegovina by Austria-Hungary. Protest will be made through the Austrian embassy here.

EVIDENCES OF BUSINESS IMPROVEMENT MULTIPLY

New York, Oct. 12.—In his weekly letter on the condition of the stock market, Henry Clews says:

Evidences of business improvement are multiplying in various directions. This is not only true of the west, where conditions are sound and promising, but also in the east, where the depression has been most severe. Railroad traffic is recovering, and the number of idle cars is steadily diminishing. Earnings of 37 roads reporting the third week of September showed decreases of less than 4 per cent, whereas in July and August the same roads were showing losses of 12 to 17 per cent. September's bank clearings showed an increase of 5 per cent over the same month last year, a fact which is surprising in view of the prevailing quietness of business; and while stock exchange activity probably accounted for much of the increase in clearings at New York, the gains reported from many cities in various parts of the country prove beyond question that business is surely though slowly reviving in spite of a political campaign. If other evidences of recovery are desired they can be easily found. Improved conditions in the money market have carried natural and much needed relief in various directions. Bankers, although in a discriminating mood, will now lend with greater freedom on all sound and legitimate enterprises. Real estate is feeling the advantage of this relief; property is changing hands more freely, and better class developments which were blocked by the panic are being carried out with more promise. Now that mortgages can be more readily placed, building operations are being resumed under more favorable auspices, encouraged by the lower prices for building materials and more settled labor conditions. In consequence there has been a better demand for constructive shapes in steel and iron; lumber is more active, and the various metals are stronger. According to the best statistical authorities, the new construction work contracted for in September in the leading cities was 7 per cent greater than a year ago, and in the city of New York alone the increase was 14 per cent; a much more gratifying exhibit than expected. Mills in different parts of the country, which have been shut down either owing to dull busines or the drouth, are starting up and many that have been running on short time are preparing to run full time. In many instances moderate concessions have been made in wages; and there is no doubt that if the elections prove satisfactory there will follow a widespread improvement in the volume of business.

The first question to be asked is how long will this improvement last in view of the fact that the country will shortly be precipitated into a sharp tariff agitation, both parties being pledged to revision. Tariff changes are always unsettling; the uncertainty as to what will be done usually being a more serious matter than the actual changes. Fortunately, the country is in some respects better able to stand tariff discussion than ever before. The tariff in many instances is so high that a moderate reduction would do little or no harm to home interests, and would increase the national revenue. In other cases our manufacturers would be positively benefited by a reduction of the tariff on their raw materials. The most likely point of attack is the steel tariff; but there is an ample margin here, and our steel industry is so well fortified by superior methods and low costs of production that its future will not be seriously endangered by any well considered reduction. Whether the campaign against corporations will be conducted as aggressively as heretofore, or not, is an open question. Already there has been a decided reaction in public opinion in this respect, and the feeling that the country needs a rest from this sort of agitation is steadily gaining ground. As soon as the presidential election is over, the anti-corporation policy will not be so much in demand as a political issue.

This week the market reflected the uneasiness felt in London and other European centers over the disturbances in the Balkan Peninsula. There is little prospect of war at present, because Turkey is in no position to carry on hostilities, and strong European pressure would be used to prevent. Besides several of these states have enjoyed practical autonomy ever since the Berlin treaty; control by Turkey having been merely formal. Perhaps the most significant feature is the necessity now calling a conference of the great Powers; a proceeding that will bring about a readjustment of the terms of the Berlin treaty. There is more danger in the rivalry likely to develop at the conference between some of the great Powers than in war between Turkey and the seceding states; and it must be remembered that the foreign financial markets are always peculiarly sensitive to diplomatic disturbances and that such movements are usually reflected here.

Activity on the stock exchange was considerably interrupted by the home politics. In other respects, also, the market is under conflicting influences. Improving business and more definite political conditions are of course favorable to securities. But security prices are still very high, and it is a question whether or not all the favorable features have not been fully discounted. It is generally recognized that recent high prices were largely the result of abnormally cheap money, due to the financal and industrial paralysis succeeding the panic. As business improves there will be a better demand for money; rates will gradually stiffen and approach the normal. It follows, therefore, that if interest rates advance, securities must decline in the long run unless better returns in the form of increased dividends are forthcoming, which just now is not probable. It is quite certain that gauged by money market prospects alone the majority of stocks are quite high enough. Just here, however, another factor interferes. The big insiders are still carrying large surplus lines of stocks which they wish to sell. They will certainly push prices to a higher level at the first favorable opportunity, if they can. So far the public has not been disposed to relieve them of their surplus holdings, and should any one of the leaders decide to let go the consequences would not be pleasant. The big men still have the stocks; they want to unload, but cannot. Will they succeed at a higher or at a lower level? The next few weeks should determine, and as soon as the political atmosphere clears we may look for a more active market. There is this much in favor of a better market: The west is sound and enjoys a prosperity unknown here, thanks to a good harvest and profitable prices for all agricultural products.

ERB POISONED, IS RUMOR

Autopsy Said to Have Yielded Important Clue.

Philadelphia, Oct. 13.—Counsel representing Mrs. Florence C. Erb, widow of J. Clayton Erb, who was shot and killed by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Catherine Beisel, at his country home near Media, Pa., a week ago, has made no move to secure the release of the widow on bail from the Media jail, where she is held on the charge of being an accessory to the shooting.

Several weeks before Captain Erb was killed, he charged that he had been poisoned while at his home, and called in a physician. The doctor made no public announcement. Since the death of Erb, rumors have been current that the county physician who made the autopsy on the body discovered evidence of poison. Dr. Taylor, the county physician, said today that these rumors were untrue.

The Philadelphia police have been actively at work in an endeavor to strengthen the case against the two women, and this may lead to a conflict with the Delaware county authorities, in which jurisdiction the shooting occurred.

Captain Erb was a prominent figure in the Republican organization of Philadelphia.

MAILS BOMB TO OFFICER

Would-Be Assassin Sought by Postal Department.

Intended Victim Said to Be Member of the Chicago Police Force.

Chicago, Oct. 13.—Postoffice Inspector James E. Stuart yesterday began an investigation involving the sending of an alleged bomb through the mails, the recipient of the bomb being, it is said, a city police officer or an army officer.

Inspector Stuart refused to talk on the subject. It is said by persons in the federal building that the officer is a member of the Chicago police force. Chief of Police Shippy asserted, however, that none of the men connected with his department had received a bomb.

SAYS FATHER SOLD HER

Murderess of 17 Tells How She Killed Husband.

New Brunswick, N. J., Oct. 13.—That she was sold for $100 and forced to marry a man she did not love, was the statement made yesterday by 17-year-old Julia Madelin, who last Saturday shot and killed Tony Madelin, to whom she was married four months ago. The girl said she had no regret for her act.

"I was sick and lying on the bed when he came in Saturday night," said she. "He ordered me to get up and close a window. I said I could not, and he struck me. He bent and kicked me, and said he would kill me. I ran around him and got the revolver, and when he made as if he would stab me I killed him."

STOP THE EARL'S INCOME

No More of the Thaw Money for Yarmouth.

London, Oct. 13.—By an order of the divorce court issued yesterday afternoon all the rights and interests of the Earl of Yarmouth under the financial settlement made prior to the earl's marriage to Miss Alice Cornelia Thaw in Pittsburg, on April 27, 1903, are extinguished. According to the counsel the sum settled on the earl at this time amounted to $600,000.

The marriage of the Earl of Yarmouth and Miss Thaw was annulled in London on February 5 of this year.

VOLCANOES ARE ACTIVE.

Ashes Are Falling Over Island of Guadeloupe.

Basse-Terre, Island of Guadeloupe, Oct. 13.—A rain of ashes from volcanoes on Martinique or St. Vincent islands is falling over Guadeloupe. Mount Soufriere, the largest volcanoe on St. Vincent is [illegible] ashes must come from [illegible] crater.

TURKS SEND WARSHIP

Dispatched to the Greek Island of Samos by Sultan—Clouds Darken.

INSURRECTION IN CRETE.

The history of Crete since its conquest in 1669 by the Turks is a record of frequently recurring insurrections. In 1898 the powers set up there an autonomous government under the nominal suzerainty of Turkey, and Prince George of Greece was appointed high commissioner by M. Zaimis, formerly prime minister of Greece. A large proportion of the island population of 300,000 is Christian.

The people of Creto have time and again voiced their desire for union with Greece. The last time was in 1905, when, through a provisional national assembly, the union of Crete with Greece was proclaimed and the powers were implored not to support the existing autocratic regime. The powers would not acquiesce, and foreign troops were sent to the island to put down the movement. This was done successfully, and in May of that year the last Greek flags were removed from Crete by international troops.

Constantinople, Oct. 8.—The proclamation of the union of the island of Crete with Greece may not be accepted by Turkey without retaliation.

It is reported here today that the Turkish government has orderer four warships, which are at present at Smyrna, to proceed to the island of Samos. These vessels are the cruiser Medjidieh and three torpedo boats.

Samos is a Greek island and pays an annual tribute to Turkey.

PLANS GUERILLA WARFARE

Vienna, Oct. 8.—Information has reached the government that Servia is planning the organization of a guerilla warfare in Bosnia and Herzegovina. It is purposed to flood these two provinces with armed bands.

Austria is taking precautionary steps to protect her frontier.

The railroad tunnel near the fortress of Peterwardein, in Hungary, is now held by troops.

ARNAUTS IN REVOLT.

Berlin, Oct. 8.—It is reported here that the Arnauts of Albania have declared their independence of Turkey.

Albania is an extensive region in western European Turkey between the Adriatic sea, Greece, Macedonia and Montenegro, and comprises the vilayets of Scutari and Janina and part of Monistir and Kossovo. The inhabitants form a peculiar people, the Albanians, called by the Turks Arnauts, and by themselves Skipetar. They are half civilized mountaineers, are constantly under arms, and more devoted to robbery than to cattle raising and agriculture. They form the best soldiers in the sultan's army.

Turkey Falls Into Line.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 8.—Turkey has fallen into line with the Russian proposal to convoke a congress of the powers for a general revision of the Berlin treaty, which it is believed here will ultimately be accepted by all the signatory powers.

THE MARKETS

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, Oct. 10.—Bradstreet says: Although trade reports are somewhat irregular in character owing largely to varying conditions in different sections of the country and uncertainties caused by impending elections, the general undertone is toward sustained improvement. Country trade has been comparatively quiet, because the farmers have been taking advantage of the ideal weather to complete their harvesting. However, the heavy marketing of crops has made for an increased railway tonnage and improved collections considerably, while exports of wheat are heavy. Iron and steel are quiet, impending elections being a deterent influence, but production is increasing in anticipation of forthcoming good business, and there is more doing in other industrial lines. There is less industrial idleness, and in some instances business is developing more satisfactorily for the first quarter of 1909, especially in shoes, lumber and pig iron. The pig iron production for September exceeded that of August by 4.2 per cent and it was the heaviest total recorded since November last while it represents an increase of 35 per cent over January, 1908. However, the decrease from September, 1907, 35 per cent. Basic pig is fairly active in the east, and apparently prices are easier. Consumers stocks are said to be low and this fact tends to stiffen the views of the producers, who appear indisposed to contract beyond the first quarter of next year.

Business failures in the United States for the week ended October 8, number 258 against 255 last week, 192 in the like week of 1907, 192 in 1906, 183 in 1905 and 166 in 1904. Business failures for the week in Canada number 31, as against 36 last week and 24 in this week in 1907.

Grain Market.

Toledo, O., Oct. 13.—Drouth conditions in the spring wheat belt and a slump in northwest receipts practically offset an abatement in the European political troubles. In the Toledo market cash opened ¼c higher at $1.03½, dropping to $1.03 before the middle of the forenoon. December opened ¼c higher at $1.04¼, but receded to $1.03⅞ soon after the start. May gained the same amount of ground in opening at $1.07¼. At 10 a. m. the price was back to $1.07. July opened steady at $1.00¾. Unchanged at the outset, Liverpool was quoted from ⅛d to ¼d higher at midday.

The reaction in the afternoon was due to profit taking on the hard spots. Indications pointed to selling in the northwest, and this, together with other bearish factors, caused a decline in prices.

Toledo cash closed ⅜c off at $1.02¼; December ⅜c lower at $1.03⅝; May ½c lower at $1.06½, and July unchanged at 99¾c. Liverpool at the end of the day was ⅛d to ¼d higher.

In face of depleted stocks, there is considerable bearish talk in corn. Most traders look for higher prices eventually, but are desirous of taking on long lines at lower levels. Liverpool was unchanged at the opening, but a shade lower at 1:30 p. m. December opened ¼c off at 64c, May ¼c down at 64¾c, and July ¼c lower at 64c. Towards the noon hour the options gained from ⅛c to ¼c.

Corn became easy near the close, and trade light. There was considerable selling by longs. Closes in corn follow: Cash 72½c, December 63⅝c, May 63¾c, July 63¾c.

Oats evinced an apathetic tone, no changes developing during the initial hour except at the start. December opened ⅛c lower at 50½c. May unchanged at 52⅛c, and July ⅛c down at 48¼c.

Weakness in cash caused a slump in the market. Cash oats closed at 50c, December at 49¾c, May at 51½c, July at 47c.

March clover seed held its own at $5.17½, but the other options displayed a heavy feeling. October opened 2½c lower at $5.00 and dropped to $4.95 in the first hour. December opened 5c lower at $5.05.

Receipts today were 980 bags against 427 a year ago. Shipments were 100 bags. Cash closed at $5.00. October 10c off at $4.92½, December 19c off at $5.00, and March 7½c lower at $5.10.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Oct. 13.	Close Oct. 12.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.03⅛	....	....	1.02¼	1.03
Dec.	1.04¼	....	....	1.03⅜	1.04
May	1.07¼	....	....	1.06½	1.07
July	1.00¾	....	....	99¾	99¾
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	77½	78
Dec.	64	64¼	....	63⅝	64¼
May	64⅝	64¾	....	63⅝	64⅝
July	64	64¼	....	63½	64¼
New	....	....	....	75½	....
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	50	51
Dec.	50½	....	....	49¾	50⅝
May	52⅛	....	....	51¼	52¼
July	48⅝	....	....	47	48¼
Clover Seed—					
Cash	....	....	....	5.00	5.10
Oct	5.00	....	....	4.92½	5.02½
Dec	5.05	....	....	5.00	5.10
March	5.17½	....	....	5.10	5.17½
No. 2	....	....	....	4.75	....
No. 3	....	....	....	4.90	....
Rejected	....	....	....	4.45	....
Neg.	....	....	....	4.30	....
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	79	79
No. 3	....	....	....	78½	78¼
No. 3	....	....	....	76½	76½
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.65	1.65
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.60	8.60

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Oct	13.75	13.87	13.70	13.72	14.00
Jan	15.50	....	14.92	15.00	15.57
May	15.25	15.80	....	14.95	15.40
Lard—					
Oct	9.42	....	....	9.10	9.57
Jan	9.20	....	....	9.05	9.32
May	9.22	....	....	9.00	9.27
Ribs—					
Oct	8.80	8.82	....	8.70	8.90
Jan	8.20	....	8.00	8.05	8.27
May	8.22	....	....	8.07	8.27

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Dec.	1.10¾	....	1.09⅝	1.09¾	1.00¾
May	1.11¼	....	....	1.10⅝	1.11
Corn—					
Dec.	76	....	....	75½	76
May	73¼	....	....	72⅞	73¼

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Dec.	1.01¾	....	....	1.00½	1.01
May	1.04⅜	....	....	1.03¾	1.04¼

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec.	1.01¾	1.01¾	....	1.00⅝	1.00¼
May	1.04¼	1.04½	....	1.03¼	1.03⅞
July	99⅝	....	....	98⅞	99
Corn—					
Dec.	64⅝	....	63⅞	64	64⅝
May	64½	64⅝	....	63½	64⅜
July	63⅜	....	....	62⅝	63⅜
Oct.	....	....	....	73⅞	74
Oats—					
Dec.	49¼	....	....	48¾	49¼
May	51	51⅛	....	50¼	51
July	46⅝	....	....	46⅛	46⅞

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Oct. 13.—Other markets reported some decline in hogs today, but with lighter receipts locally salesmen were able to hold prices about steady. Quality was fair and the local packers the leading buyers. Quotations did not vary from yesterday's prices. Other live stock remained unchanged.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Select heavies, average 200 to 250 lbs., $6.00; mediums, $5.80@5.85; Yorkers, $5.60@5.90; light Yorkers, 120 to 140 lbs., $5.20@5.30; good pigs, $4.50@5.00; stags and roughs, $3.50@5.00; mixed, $5.60@5.70; bulk of sales, $5.50@5.60.

Cattle—Steers, 1,250 lbs. and up $6.50@7.00; fat steers, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs., $5.50@6.50; fair to medium, $4.50@6.25; plain light steers, $4.00@4.50; extra heifers, $5.25@5.50; fair to medium, $3.25@4.25; choice heavy cows, $4.50@5.50; good butcher cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $1.50@2.50; choice butcher bulls, $4.00@4.50; common to good bulls, $3.00@3.75; stockers and feeders, $3.50@5.50.

Sheep and lambs—Yearlings, $4.00@4.25; ewes, $2.75@3.25; wethers,